THE DOCTORS PHYSICIAN: OR, DIALOGUES CONCERNING HEALTH.

Translated out of the Original French.

LONDON,
Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to His ROYAL HIGHNESS, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, 1685.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

WHen I observed that most Nations who pretend to the greatest Knowledge and Sense, and abound most in Wealth and Plenty, are strangely fond of Physic *and* Physitians; *I could not but think that there must be a great deal of integrity in the Professorss, and usefulness in the Art: But meeting with this little Book, written by an unknown* French *Author; which endeavours to confute these general opinions, as vulgar errours; I have thought fit to Translate the same, for the same reasons which the Author hath given for Composing it in this his following*

PREFACE.

MY *design at first in beginning this little work, was only to laugh at some, who eating and drinking to excess, did afterwards abandon themselves to Physic, for remedying the bad consequence that attended their intemperance: But it is so difficult to put a stop to the vein of rallery, when those who love it, have a knack that way; that I could not but make merry also with such as are sick, with the fear of Falling sick: Nay I have not spared the Doctors, who sooth up these fanciful Patients in their Visions and Whimsies. This hath insensibly led me to speak of Physicians and their Art, that those do say who througly know, but never make use of them, Instead then of a simple*

ſimple touch that I intended to have with junketting and intemperance; I have engaged in a quarrel with the bad practice of Phyſic; *yet all along with the Foil, and not at Sharps, for 'tis no more but an Aſſault in a* Fencing School, *and not a real Combat I engage in: Beſides, I do confeſs that I ſhould not have purſued my raillery ſo far, if I had been the firſt who had opened that career; but coming after a great many others, I muſt needs take all the liberty I have uſed, that I might give a new Face to ſo old and beaten a Subject. Nevertheleſs all that is intended by it, is only to prove, that if a Man of a good conſtitution be any way Patient and Sober, he may without the help of* Apothecary *or* Surgeon, *enjoy perfect Health as long as he lives.*

Theſe Dialogues *are not of the nature of thoſe Plays, which for ſome years have pleaſed the Publick*

at the expence of Physicians. *Here the* Heart, Stomach, *and other allegorical Persons speak; much after the rate as our old Romance-makers have brought the Virtues and Vices into play. Or, to say better, as the Fable feigns, that the several Members of the Body complain of the* Head. *Yet if the invention be not altogether new, the method however, and disposition is not common: For the Subject which links these* Dialogues *to one another, makes them as so many* Scenes *in a* Comedy. *Now, though in the first, many times nothing is to be found but trifles, without Ornament or Life; yet they contain nothing but that agrees with him that speaks, and which tends to the mark aimed at, without losing the allegory. It will be easie likewise to observe, that the more the matter is sifted, the more also things are said which require some attention. So that the last* Dialogues *are pretty different from*

from the firſt, which will not a little contribute, if I be not miſtaken, to the rouzing of the Readers attention. The tenth is filled with new imaginations which require application, and the Eleventh drolls upon the bad practice of Phyſicians *as much as civility will allow. As for the laſt, I thought fit to raiſe it a little higher than any of the former, becauſe in that, Nature was to ſpeak of the moſt ſublime parts of* Natural Philoſophy. *Perhaps ſome* Philoſopher *zealous for his opinion, having cenſured this inequalitie of ſtile, will think it ſtrange that I ſhould as boldly pronounce concerning* Philoſophy, *as concerning* Phyſic. *If it happen ſo, I ſhall be ſorry for it; but I entreat him to call to mind, that in ſuch occaſions every one is free to take what part he pleaſes: Nor did I think my ſelf obliged to betray my own Sentiments, to gratifie thoſe whom I know not.*

After all, if they may be believed who have read thoſe Dialogues, *I aſſert nothing contrary to good ſenſe, and which may not be practiſed without ſcruple, or complaiance: Nay, they will have me to be a living inſtance of the maxims I propoſe for living in Health, and without any need of* Phyſic. *In fine, they conclude that this little Peece, has Life and Spirit enough in it to make way for it ſelf in the world, and to gain credit there without the neceſſity of a Protectour in the Front, or of an Apology in the Reer, becauſe they are perſwaded that whatſoever is ſaid in jeſt, ought never to be taken in earneſt.*

Dialogues

DIALOGUES CONCERNING HEALTH.

First Dialogue.

This Dialogue is supposed to begin at the end of a Plentiful Dinner.

The Heart. The Stomack.

Heart. AWay, away! with this intemperance and excess; I have told you an Hundred times I can no longer endure it: Under pretext of doing me service, you break all my measures; and so discom-

the order and method of my æconomie, that if you go on at this rate, I foreſee what will become on't; nothing but qualms and dangerous fits; which being made worſe by the unſeaſonable preſcriptions of *Phyſicians*, will degenerate into inſupportable pains, ſuch as ſhall make us at every minute beg eaſe from Death; when to compleat our miſery, Death will prove deaf to our cries.

Stomack. Alas! I thought it had been my turn now to complain; for in ſuch times of feaſting. I have ſo little power to do as I would, that I am not ſo much as heard, though I exclaim and remonſtrate till I'm ſick again.

Heart. When you have received as much as may ſatisfie us, why do'nt you Command the Appetite to ſhut the Gate? and bid him tell them, if they'l needs be importunate, that the paſſages are ſtopt; and that no more muſt enter. A *Stomack* that knows what's good for Life, ſhould not, at Table; gage it ſelf by the capacity of its Neighbour, but by its own.

Stomack.

Stomack. Ay! It might be ſo as you ſay, if the firſt thing they did were not to make the Porter drunk, before the firſt courſe be ended, he is already quite out of his courſe, and then I am no more the Maſter; he ſuffers himſelf to be tickled with ſtrong ragou's; and what is worſt of all, he lets every thing paſs, upon aſſurance given him, that their buſineſs is only to chear up and fortify the *Heart.*

Heart. And at that word I'le warrant, you yield, and are perſwaded.

Stomack. Sure enough. Can I withſtand any thing that's good for you? And what would you ſay of me, ſhould I deny entrance to that which hath orders to go ſtreight to the *Heart?* your own conduct confirms me in this; for on ſuch occaſions, you give me ground to think, that you are no enemy to good Wine, nor ſtrong Liquors.

Heart. I am not well known, I ſee; for were it not for ſome chearfulneſs that drink does inſpire, I ſhould not at all

all care for it; and if I ſometimes bea with the exceſs of Wine, it is beau it is not ſo dangerous for you to be full Liquor, as of ſolid Food.

Stomack. Be it as it will, we are muc to be pitied, and it were to be wiſhe for both our ſakes, that under colour o a civil Entertainment, they would no engage us into all the diſorders o Drunkeneſs and Gluttony.

Heart. And truly it is my intention, to take ſome courſe that theſe debauche may not hurt us, and therefore with out more delay, we muſt reſolve againſt thoſe abuſes that proceed from that quantity of meat and drink which they offer and force us to take. For exceſſes o this nature are grown ſo exorbitant, that all that the waters and ſoil of our Country produce fit for eating and drinking, are now adays jumbled together upon one and the ſame Table, with the Spices and Sauces of both the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies.*

Stomack. Nay it is certain that the quantity and diverſity of meats, joſtle us

us quite out of the right way of *Health*.

Heart. Do Men think, that becauſe they outdoe that plain and ſimple way of feeding of our fore-Fathers, they are therefore more skilfull in the dreſſing of Victuals, than Nature her ſelf, which in the ſeveral times of the year gives all that is convenient for every Seaſon; tempering the fruit with ſo juſt a proportion, that one may ſay, they are ſuch as they ought to be, for thoſe that need them, without any neceſſity of *Addition* or *Subtraction* to make them better and more Healthful.

Stomack. I am perſwaded of the truth of what you ſay; but——

Heart. Why, but? if Men think that Sugar is of great uſe for Northern people, they are much miſtaken; and an ordinary Prune delights a *Laplander* more than the richeſt Conſerve does a *Genoueſe*; nay Wine, Brandy, and Punch, would be uſeleſs within the Tropicks, where it not that cuſtom and intemperance had made them neceſſary.

Stomack.

Stomack. If we purſue matters ſo far, we are like to launch out into a long and tedious Voyage: And therefore, though your ſentiments be very juſt, as to the abuſe of muſtering together in one diſh the productions of all the four parts of the world, and the ſwilling down in one and the ſame meal the moſt exquiſite Liquors of all ſorts; yet, be rul'd by me; let us attempt no more but ſome convenient moderation in the matter; for if it be obſerved that we skip from one extremity to another, we ſhall be but laughed at.

Heart. Have Men then loſt their Wits?

Stomack. Quite contrary, they pretend to have enough and to ſpare, nay they maintain that the firſt Men were but Beaſts, if Nuts, Medlars, and ſuch like Fruits ſerved them for Food; ſo poſſeſſed are they that Nature does but rough-hew our Aliments, and that Art muſt bring them to perfection. Whence likewiſe they conclude, that nouriſhment being the fundamental Law of human Society, they

they cannot eat and drink too often, ſeeing all ſorts of Animals are made tame with Food.

Heart They ought in that, at leaſt, to obſerve the Rules of Temperance.

Stomack. Sure enough. But they fancy that to follow theſe Maxims, is not ſo much to Live, as to Languiſh; that if Novelty, and the good dreſſing of Victuals carry them beyond the bounds of Sobriety, they know how to remedy theſe little diſorders by ſpeedy digeſtions; which not only eaſe and comfort Nature; but enliven her, and make her ſtronger than ſhe is wont to be, when ſhe is forced to go by the poiſe and Ballance of Sobriety.

Heart. Great Doctors indeed, that ſpeak very boldly of what they do not at all underſtand.

Stomack. However I ſhould not complain of their ignorance, but be willing patiently to ſuffer, ſometimes to be overcharged with meat and drink, under what ſhape or figure the whimſey of the Officer,

Officer, at the desire of Gluttons and Parasites, might disguise them; provided these Surfeitings were not so frequent, and that they were followed by abstinence and dyet, for by that means I might get clear of them, and come to my self again: But it puts me to despair when next day after a debauch, such as this, I am made the Store-house of *Cassia* and *Sena*, accompanied with Rubarb and Scammony; and if that operate not according as the faculty and Colledge expect, I am condemned to purging Wine, *Chrocus*, that is to say, to the ordinary and extraordinary Rack, which puts me within a fingers breadth of Death.

Heart. It is not you that suffer alone, and complain of those ill-timed prescriptions; and therefore, that we may remedy the same, let us begin by declaring War against all those enemies of *Health*, who under pretext of coming to our assistance, drain us of our Forces and Spirits, so that a whole Age is hardly sufficient to retrieve us from the sad state we are in, when we get out of the hands of those Poisoners and Murderers, authorised

authoriſed by Luxury, and tolerated by the Government.

Stomack. Nay, the truth is, when *Phyſicians* cure a Diſeaſe, the Patient commonly dies of the cure: You cannot think, how glad I am to hear the propoſition you make to me: But do you believe that you and I are ſtrong enough to engage ſo powerful enemies.

Heart. Never doubt it; let us but deſpiſe them, and we ſhall certainly get the Victory.

Stomack. That will do well enough, for the enemy's without, but how ſhall we reduce thoſe that are within?

Heart. What you ſay wants not its difficulties, and I forſee, as well as you, that it will not be an eaſie matter to ſurmount Mrs. *Prejudice*, which beſets our reaſon. For that fool hath made her declare ſo poſitively in favour of Epicuriſm and *Phyſic*, that one would think that her deſign of deſtroying our *Health*, were only to enrich with our ſpoils the Traitor and the *Phyſician*.

Stomack.

Stomack. You ſpeak of *Reaſon* as if you thought her capable to be impoſed upon: Before we proceed farther, I wiſh you might come to a clearing with her upon the whole matter.

Heart. I am reſolved to do ſo, but it were to be wiſhed that this clearing might be made in preſence of *Reflection*, and ſeeing now adays they keep no more company together; that is the thing that puts me to a ſtand.

Stomack. And that which at preſent puts me to another, is that I am ready to burſt, and can hold no more. In the mean time I have advice from the *Noſe* that they threaten me with an odd Ragou; from another hand I underſtand they are about to regale me with a luſty Brimmer, and then how to come off unleſs I burſt, I know not.

Heart. That's a noble point of Honour indeed, to drown one's ſelf, when there is no neceſſity for it; do'nt you perceive that they are about to make you the receptacle of all the Bottles that remain in the

he Ciſtern? as if it were worth the hile to know, how much exactly you re able to hold.

Stomack. I can no longer reſiſt the vil that preſſes me. Help, help! I ink under the burden.

Heart. Extream Evils muſt have ex-ream Remedies: An Inſurrection on uch occaſions is a great ſecret; though I hould even be reckoned the Author of it— Courage, we are now delivered from what lay heavieſt upon us.

Stomack. Ha! how much I am eaſed.

Heart. In expectation of the return of the Appetite which is loſt, I have juſt now given order to Mr. *Crap-ſick* to keep the door, and ſuffer nothing to enter into your Quarters during the whole day. On my part I ſhall bravely ſecond the head-ſtrongneſs of that new Porter: I'le demand nothing at all, and refuſe whatever may be offered me, in the mean time, to hinder the intrails from interrupting us, I have ordered the Gall, to make an entire evacuation of the place.

Stomack.

Stomack. Ha! make uſe of ſome othe
than of that blade; for if the *Phyſ*
cians, who pry into every thing, perceiv
that he is concerned in our affairs, they
ſay I have got a *Cholera Morbus*, and
that will be enough, to make me in a mo
ment become an *Apothecaries*-ſhop.

Heart. Give your ſelf no trouble
only take your reſt. I am going t
recall the Spirits from the Organs, that
may recruit and temper them, during
long and quiet ſleep: Afterward we
ſhall take the beſt meaſures we can, tha
we may not again Relapſe into ſuch
diſorder.

Stomack. I conſent, and with pleaſur
betake my ſelf to ſleep: Alas, that th
heart cannot as well as I taſt of thoſe
pleaſures! but why do I regret! whe
a Camp is beſet with enemies, and the
Souldiers muſt have reſt, there is a ne
ceſſity that the General watch.

Heart. Say rather, that in a Town
Beſieged, and on all ſides open, it is only
in the time of ſleep, and during the
darkneſs of the night, that the breaches
can be repaired. Second

Second Dialogue.

Reaſon *refuſing to anſwer the motions of the* Heart, *makes uſe of* Prejudice *to ſpeak to him.*

Prejudice. The Heart.

Prejudice. TAlk no more of that? you ſhall never perſwade me, that we are able to judg what is good for the *Health* of the Body, and far leſs that we know, what is to be done, to preſerve, or to reſtore it, when it is out of order or loſt.

Heart. Were *Reaſon* here, we ſhould hear another kind of Language.

Preju. I queſtion very much that: For if *Phyſicians* skillful and Learned as they are, call others to their aſſiſtance when they themſelves are ſick; how can ſilly *Reaſon* that never ſtudied, nor took a Degree,

Degree, underſtand Diſeaſes, diſtingui
Symptomes, and proceed to a Cure.

Heart. If the Degree made the *Doct*
Phyſicians of whom you ſpeak, wou
know their own Diſeaſes, and Cu
themſelves. There can be no great
ſign of their ignorance, than the
begging aſſiſtance of others. Can
Lawyer know the matter of Fact bett
than the Party? on ſuch occaſions t
queſtion is not, how to gild the Pil
but how to Plead the Cauſe; and that
a thing very well worth the labour.
is our Life that is concerned, and ha
we any thing more precious? Conclu
then with me, that the *Body* and *Reaſ*
conſtituting but one and the ſame perſo
there is a neceſſity that when th
ſuffers, this ſhould beſtir it ſelf for i
relief.

Preju. Theſe Chimerical unions wer
good in thoſe days, when the Husban
and Wife were but one Body and on
Soul; that time's paſt, and *Reaſon*
convinced that no Man knowing him
ſelf, we muſt wholly truſt our *Healt*
to thoſe who labour day and night t
fin

find out a Specifick and proper Remedy for every Diſtemper.

Heart. Ho, ho! where are the *Phyſicians*, that Study to find out Specificks for Diſeaſes? They are Singing Birds whoſe skill conſiſts only in a Note a Tone, or a Cant that ſignifies nothing at all.

Preju. That Note or Cant hath ſuch Charms though, that it may be ſaid to be a Gold Chain which links the Patients Ear to the *Phyſicians* Mouth.

Heart. What falſe ſteps do you cauſe *Reaſon* to make: How do you lead her out of the way that Nature hath prescribed for enjoying perfect *Health?* How dangerous is it to be poſſeſſed with *Prejudice*, and not to ſee but with another Mans eyes? what have you got by delivering us over to the Colledge, is our Stomack the better for it? do I droop the leſs for it? Our feet are no longer able to carry us, and the nodes and knobs of our fingers deprive us of the uſe of our hands: See now, how the ſpecific Bills of your Doctors, have compleated the

the ruine, which your debauches began with pleasure.

Prejudice. We know your Distempers and the causes of them better than you do. They proceed only from the bad temper of your Constitution, and a complication of your Infirmities. Could one quench the burning heat of your Bowels, without overcooling your Stomack? or rectify the tone of this, without overheating your upper Region?

Heart. Nay, rather say, that all our miseries proceed only from the draining of our Veins, and the diversity of poysons that hath been given us: And that's the reason that in the midst of our career we suffer all the pains and anxieties of the most decrepid and unfortunate Old Age.

Preju. If you suffer, blame the bad influences of your Ascendant for it, and not your *Physician*, who hath always timed his Remedies by the most favourable *Signs* and *Aspects*. Hold your peace then, or talk more discreetly.

Heart.

Heart. When *Reaſon* ſpeaks, and gives me Counſel, I liſten and obey. But ſo long as ſhe will not ſpeak to me but by your Organ, and that in the Language of an Almanack too, I ſhall only conſult *Nature*, *Patience*, and *Sobriety*, with the examples of thoſe that live under their Laws; of them I ſhall make experiments, which agreeing with the *Stomack*, are much better than all the raveries of your Mountebank Aſtrologers.

Preju. We are much agreed upon the matter; for what have we hitherto done, but followed the inclination of *Nature*, and granted the *Heart* and *Stomack* whatever they were pleaſed to demand?

Heart. You have not followed *Nature*, but your own Vicious inclinations; and all the complaiſance you have had, has been for your own irregular *Appetites*, and not for the *Stomack* and *me*: This had never been, if you had not made *Reaſon* tranſgreſs its bounds; but ſince by ſo doing, ſhe hath forgot her functions, it is my duty to tell you of it, that you make her reflect.

Preju. How now insolence? but let it pass; the *Heart* loves to comfort himself.

Heart. Know then that Nature so soon as a Child is Born, being willing to continue her work and carry it on to the end, which she hath proposed to herself; gives the *Stomack* new Orders to demand Food, and the *Intrails*, to make good use of it. Now since *Nature* foresees that they will ask for more Materials than they know what to do with, without altering or disfiguring her work; she sets over them at the same time in quality of an Overseer or Conservatour, that which is called *Reason*, with power to moderate the *Appetites*, and gently to excite all the several parts of the *Body*, diligently to mind their functions, upon pain of suspension, nay, even of deprivation of *Health*.

Preju. What does all this tedious speculation drive at?

Heart. To make you understand, that when *Reason* which was absolute and independant

dependant becomes a ſlave, truſting others with the charge that was committed to her, all things are preſently out of order and in confuſion. *Health* wherein conſiſted the beauty of Life then retiring, we become deformed; our well days are gone, and maugre all the vain efforts of *Reaſon*, that too late ſees her errour, we are made a prey to Infirmities and Melancholy.

Prejudice. Can *Reaſon* Remedy every thing? where ſhe cannot be preſent in Perſon, her Lieutenants fight under her Banners; and in ſuch engagements, ſhe hath got the Victory over many Diſeaſes under the conduct and command of *Phyſicians.*

Heart. If it be ſo, you are much in the wrong, that you have not erected a Trophie to the College: That was an acknowledgment due to the efficacy of its Remedies, and to the skill it hath shown in doſeing and diſpencing them with ſo much exactneſs and circumſpection, that the blame was not to be laid at its door, nor yours, if we be not, as is commonly ſaid, cured of all Diſeaſes.

Preju. Come, come, let us not joke at this rate: It is certain, that had it not been for the luckey boldneſs of *Phyſicians* in draining all your corrupt Blood, and clearing you from the malignity of your Intrals, at the very nick of time prefixt by the Stars and *Nature*, you could not at preſent brag that the Faculty hath made you a new *Body*.

Heart. A new *Body* of the Colledge making, is not ſo good as an old one that never paſt through their hands: Yet I do not deny, but that *Phyſicians* may by chance, cure ſome ſlight Diſtemper when they work upon a good Conſtitution, but it muſt be alſo acknowledged that we pay dear enough for the Cure.

Preju. What matters that, provided ye live?

Heart. Is that to live, when we come out under the Doctors hands, to lead a brittle and languiſhing a life, that for the leaſt deviation from the ſtrict rules they preſcribe, and which they themſelves cannot obſerve, we fall into Relapſes worſe than the Diſeaſe. To undeceive yo

you then in one word, of the great opinion you have of the vaſt extent of their knowledge, and the infallibility of their Receipts. Know —

Preju. What can you ſay as to that, which I do not know?

Heart. That your *Phyſicians*, having conſumed upon a poor Patient, the whole ſtock of their ſhallow Art and method, without being able to Kill or Cure him: It is not enough for them to lay the blame upon the occult malignities that Reign in the Elements; but they muſt likewiſe quarrel with the Heavens and Stars. At length, to ſlip the collar, they leave off Preſcribing, and adviſe the Patient to a Milk diet, and if he find himſelf no better for it, they ſend him to *Tunbridge* or *Epſom* Wells, and then to his Native Air; for they are mighty glad that he ſhould dy out of the reach of his acquaintance. In the mean while the Patient gains by their Evaſions, and recovering his liberty, gets into the way of *Nature* again, and by that means eſcapes their Tyranny.

Preju. I can no longer endure tho frequent and injurious Jerks, againſt faculty, to which the *Heart* that fin fault with it, owes a particular oblig tion.

Heart. What pray, hath it done *me* then?

Preju. Don't you as yet perceive, u grateful *Heart*, that the Faculty ha rejected the ſpeculation of urines, an truſts no more but to your motions that they inſpire into her all the Oracl ſhe pronounces; do ye reckon th nothing?

Heart. Nay if it were poſſible leſs tha nothing.

Preju. And yet it is really true, tha *Phyſicians* now adays ground their co jectures, only upon the conſequence that they draw from the march of th *Pulſe*, and preſcribe nothing but accor ding to the quality of the Blood whic they draw from the *Veins*.

Heart

Heart. It is in vain for the *Phyſician* to conſult me, if he underſtand not my Language. Can he draw good conſequences from my motions, if he be ignorant of the cauſe of them? does he know that at every turn I receive unexpected Orders, which make me change and alter my gate? do they know that *Nature* would have me march ſlowly in good way, that is to ſay, when the *Blood* is thin and ſubtle, and that when it is thick I ſhould double my pace. In a word, it is with my motions as with faces, which are all alike and all unlike one another. After all, what judgment can a *Phyſician* make of *Blood* expoſed to the Air, which by being let out, loſes what was eſſential to it with that which remains in the *Veins*? and then, becauſe he has ſeen my *Blood* look ſometimes one way, and ſometimes another, can he tell the better for that, what *Nature* intends to do with it.

Preju. Yes, he muſt needs know the better, ſeeing he rectifies *Nature*, and turns her as he pleaſes.

Heart. That is eaſily ſaid, but hard to be proved; take my word for it, a *Phyſician* can better irritate *Nature* than rectifie her: But it is a comfort for thoſe who have no commerce with him, that he cannot ſpoil the intentions of a good Mother towards her Children, who takes pleaſure to rectifie their errours, when they truſt to her.

Preju. Who doubts but that *Nature* is helpful, and infallible in her operations, and that ſhe muſt be obſerved, and nothing done but in conjunction with her? but when there is need of Remedies, to whom can we better apply our ſelves than to *Phyſicians* who are her Children?

Heart. To *Nature*, I tell you, who ſuggeſts what Remedies are fit for thoſe whom ſhe governs, which are ſo much the better and more pleaſant, that they are earneſtly deſired, and prepared by her own hand. It's by that means alone that we procure a ſetled *Health*, which laſts 'till *Nature* untwiſting the thread of Life, makes Death as ſoft to us as our

our *Sleep.* Whereas your *Phyſicians*, having rent and torn us during the courſe of a long diſeaſe, deliver us up to Death amidſt a Thouſand pains and tortures.

Preju. Will you never let thoſe Gentlemen alone, whom you cannot reverence too much? could you without them, enjoy that pure and freſh *Blood*, which they have the goodneſs to renew every New Moon? without that prevention, you would be furniſhed with nothing but aduſt *Blood*, which would raiſe your choller every hour of the day. In fine, had it not been for them, you had long agoe been ſwallowed up by the vapours of your *Spleen* and Miſentery.

Heart. O Heavens! what gibberiſh is this I hear?

Preju. Nay, what Language is this I hear? once for all hold your peace, and remember that it belongs to *Reaſon* whom I repreſent to Command, and that it is your part to obey.

Heart. Alaſs! what conduct is this! what will become of us.

Third Dialogue.

The Heart *dissatisfied with* Prejudice, *confederates with the* Stomack, *for returning under the Laws of Nature.*

The Stomack. The Heart.

Stomack. FRom whence come all these sighs and sobs? what's the cause of so great dejection? what is it that troubles you? is there no way left to comfort you? I have discharg'd my functions: I am free, out of all hurry, and though weak, yet in a condition to perform all that you can desire of me: Command then, what you would have done: Speak I pray: It seems you have forgot that sadness is the Poyson of the *Heart.* I must, cost what it will, cheer you up.

Heart.

Heart. Ah! I burſt for anger, I'm undone, and e'ne reduced to deſpair. Shall it be ſaid, that the *Heart* muſt depend ſo long as it lives, upon a *Reaſon* that ſay's and does nothing but by the intervention of a headſtrong and extravagant Fool? no! ſhe muſt of neceſſity either turn away that ſame *Prejudice*, or I muſt ſhake off the yoke of her Empire. Ha! *Prejudice*, how much miſchief haſt thou done us? and how much art thou ſtill like to do?

Stomack. You have already ſpoken to me of that Mrs. *Prejudice*, tell me, if you can, who ſhe is?

Heart. Why, ſhe is the Daughter of that famous *Glutton* who hath endeavoured a thouſand times to make you burſt at Table.

Stomack. What of that Paraſite, whoſe approbation on a diſh, Epicures more eagerly court than a Glory-ſtarved Poet does the permiſſion of bringing into the World the ridiculous Brats of his Muſe.

Heart.

Heart. Of the very ſame.

Stomack. But ſtill; by whom hath your *Debauchee* had that fooliſh Girl?

Heart. By the eldeſt Daughter of the Colledge.

Stomack. What by that ſtinking naſty *Pharmacy*, Twin-Sifter to pale *Phlebotomy*, who by her old Husbands hath had *Epilipſy*, *Palſy*, and *Apoplexy*; not to mention *Conſumpſion*, *Dropſy*, and *Jaundice*, the beſt of which ſix is not worth a louſe?

Heart. By the very ſame, and that by this good token too, that ſhe went but Three Months with her, which was the cauſe that ſhe was called *Prejudice* or *Prevention.*

Stomack. How Three Months! that's a thing unheard, it cannot be: Or elſe ſhe muſt have thought that a big belly was juſt like ſome kinds of *Phyſick* that ſhe gives, which comes away as ſoon as they are taken.

Heart.

Heart. Faith I ca'nt tell. But it is certain that before that, *Phyſicians* thought it enough to ſay, that a Child of Seven Months might live, and by a Miracle one of five. At preſent for kindred ſake, they have concluded that this might live at three Months, founding their judgment on this, that it was but ſo long ſince the Marriage was Celebrated.

Stomack. Can you deſire a more convincing argument? According to that Aphoriſm, a Child of Eight days might live, as well as a Child of Nine Months: But tell me what courſe has been taken to bring up that pre tended *Abortive?*

Heart. So ſoon as it was born, the Colledge took care of it.

Stomack. Nay, that is not to be wondered at, for it is not of yeſterday that Grandfathers and Grandmothers dote upon their Grand-Children.

Heart. The firſt Nouriſhment they gave it was *Phyſick*, under colour of purging

purging it from a venom that we bring into the world with us, which, as the *Doctors* ſay, early or late puts us in danger of Death. But all this precaution hath not hindred, but that *Prejudice* is at preſent grown a little vain glorious Rattle-head, in a word, a giddy-brain'd thing, that takes pleaſure to ſpeak ſopperies, and to maintain them. Nevertheleſs, ſeeing ſhe takes it of her Father to be pleaſant Company at Table, and of her Mother, to cajole and flatter in ſickneſs; ſhe hath managed thoſe little talents ſo well, that *Reaſon* hath made her her Favourite.

Stomack. Her Favourite?

Heart. Yes, her Favourite, and ſo much her Favourite, that I can no ways come to the knowledge of the ſentiments of *Reaſon*, but by her means.

Stomack. We were ſo well governed without the help of *Reaſon*, during the firſt years of our Life; that one would think we might ſtill go on, and fulfill our courſe without her enterfering.

Heart.

Heart. We muſt not flatter our ſelves, if in our young and tender Age we taſted the cream of a perfect *Health*; for *Nature* at that time took care of us, and was our guide in the Infancy of *Reaſon*: And ſeeing we are not as yet come to that Age, wherein *Reaſon* and *Nature* muſt give way to habit and cuſtom, we ought of neceſſity to obey *Reaſon*, provided ſhe act fairly with us, and would liſten favourably to our grievances: But perceiving that ſhe is obſtinately reſolved not to unmask *Prejudice*, nor to govern us without diſguiſe; I am reſolved at the Peril of my Life and Fortune, to acknowledge her no more; could I be but aſſured of you, as I am already of a conſiderable number of the members of our Empire.

Stomack. You may rely upon me, as much, if not more, than upon any other whoſoever.

Heart. But before you declare your ſelf openly againſt the Faculty, conſider with your ſelf if you be able, all of a ſudden, to ſhake off the habit of taking *Phyſick*,

Phyſick; for I know very well you will be plyed firſt with Purgative-preſervatives, then with corroborative-digeſtives, and laſtly with carminitive-aperitives.

Stomack. The truth is, this poor *Body* thinks it ſelf very happy, when it miſſes a day without *Blood* letting, or a luſty Doſe of *Phyſick*; and that it is excuſed for the Evening and Morning Service; that is to ſay, for a couple of Glyſters, with ſome uſual Pills for a prelude to Dinner and Supper, without which, they pretend we cannot live. Think what joy it would be, if we could free our ſelves from this ſlavery?

Heart. They pretend very ill, and all theſe panick fears do ſcare none but little Children: Wee'l remedy all theſe apprehenſions, meerly by laying an Embargo upon the mouth. But there is no time to be loſt, we muſt ſpeedily put our ſelves in a condition to baffle the attempts, that *Prejudice* will ſurely make to bring us under, ſo ſoon as ever ſhe comes to underſtand that we are Revolted againſt her.

Stomack

Stomack. What hinders you from telling me what your thoughts are as to that?

Heart. That we may not be interrupted in the diſcovery of the ſecret that I intend to impart to you, and in the meaſures that we are to take; hinder your Appetite from making a noiſe, and ſhut all the doors ſo faſt, that nothing may be able to interrupt us. Above all things, let us have a care that the *Liver* ſuſpect nothing. I have ſome cauſe to miſtruſt him.

Stomack. And I to complain of him. However the orders are given, you may ſay all you pleaſe; I liſten.

Heart. Know then that I have had a long conference with *Prejudice*, and got ſo little ſatisfaction therein, that I have reſolved no longer to ſubmit to the Government of that Favourite: That is not all; I have engaged the noble parts in our concerns, and generally all that live in the Region of circulation. Beſides, I have ſo well managed the *Senſes*, by the

the mediation of *Common Sense*, that they are resolved no more to hear nor see *Physicians*, and far less to *smell*, *touch* or *taste* any the least thing that comes from them, so that they are all declared in our favours.

Stomack. A fair Progress, indeed.

Heart. That is not all neither, I have so far prevailed with the *Brain*, who is provoked at the irregularities that *Prejudice* causes there, that he will follow all my motions. And I have pusht on the matter so far, that *Sleep*, which by turns disposes of the whole *Body* as well as *Reason*; and if one dare say so, more absolutely than she; hath promised me, for facilitating of our enterprise, to anticipate as much as may be, upon the time allotted to *Reason*, thereby to shorten the duration of her Reign: I tell you nothing of Dreams, though I make great esteem of them: For you know they desire as much as we, the return of the Golden-Age, of which they still retain all the ways of acting.

Stomack.

Stomack. But ſuppoſe every one do what they have promiſed; who is to be entruſted with the management of the whole.

Heart. Nature, from whom we muſt all take orders.

Stomack. That's well: But conſider that *Nature* is a very ſimple kind of thing, for the people who, as it is ſaid, would ſee the Gods March before them And therefore it would be convenient beſides that Pilot, to give the people alſo an Anchor, to which they might faſten their hopes, during the Tempeſt of Diſeaſes.

Heart. That I intend to do hereafter, for I purpoſe to retrieve the honour of *Experiments*, the name whereof is rendered * odious by our enemies. By that means *medicine* will be brought back to its original, and become ſo familiar and natural, that no body will need any other *Phyſician* than himſelf, for applying what he ſhall find proper for his Diſtemper.

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* *Empirick.* *Stomack.*

Stomack. The Scheme is good, and the design pleases me very well. But seeing States pass not from one kind of Government to another without danger; would it not be convenient to appoint some substitute to Nature, who might be acceptable to her, and take the conduct and Government of us in our first essay?

Heart. Nature hath provided for that by suggesting to me to make use of *Sobriety* and *Patience*, who understand the conduct of the *Body* perfectly well: For if they be not the Mothers, they are at least the Nurses and Governants of *Health*; and besides that, I'll pass my word for them, they are the declared Enemies of indispositions, nay and of most part of Diseases too.

Stomack. I know it, and willingly submit to their Discipline: To let you see how much I am perswaded by what you say, I desire a favour of you, that *Sobriety* would presently come and establish the Seat of her Empire with me. You know, as I ly most open, so I am the most convenient post for our enemies an

and therefore I cannot be too well Fortified, nor too ſoon put into a poſture of defence: With her aſſiſtance I ſhall bridle Appetite, and perform my functions at more leiſure, and more to the advantage of thoſe who are concerned.

Heart. I am overjoyed to find that you have prevented me. Since then *Reaſon* neglects to poſſeſs the Poſts of the *Stomack* when Men eat, and to go to the *Heart*, when ſhe would put in execution her great thoughts in the head: I think it convenient that *Sobriety* take up her Quarters with you, and that *Patience* have the charge to make head againſt *Reaſon*, to what ſide ſoever *Prejudice* may turn her; conſidering the frequent Recruits and Aſſiſtances that we ſhall ſend to *Patience*, it will be no eaſy matter to baffle her.

Stomack. If *Patience* be as well ſeconded by others, as *Sobriety* ſhall be by me, make account that we ſhall obtain the Victory.

Fourth Dialogue.

The Stomack *preſt with Hunger, talks of good cheer,* Sobriety *ſuffers it, the better to compaſs its ends.*

Sobriety. The Stomack.

Sobriety. I Hear, as well as you, the grumbling of your Guts, and I am very ſenſible of the importunities of your Appetite: But you muſt be firm and reſiſt their griping ſollicitations, till the hour when you uſed to gratifie them be paſt: They'l trouble you no more after. Come, courage; let us talk of the pleaſures that accompany *Health.*

Stomack. You ſay well: But conſider likewiſe that a hungrey *Belly* has no ears: The hour of eating is, when one is a hungrey: I am torn to pieces, I cannot hold out, I dy.

Sobriety.

Sobriety. Are not you ashamed, to cry out for Hunger like a Child?

Stomack. Consider, I pray, that my *Liver* is so great and so hot, that he cannot be put off with the amusements and excuses that abstinence makes use of, to beguile that canine hunger which devours me. A cruft of Bread and a Glass of Wine, or I'm dead.

Sobriety. You'l revive that famous *Glutton* of Antiquity again, who finding no one *Body* to stand by him for the space of a whole day, in eating and drinking, made his four Meals, with four different clubs of Epicures.

Stomack. I do not talk of four Meals, but of one which may last as long as my Appetite: Suffer not, I beg of you, that fasting over heat my *Choller* any more, unless you desire to see me fall into a rage or a fainting fit.

Sobriety. Is this the effect of all the fair promises you just now made to the *Heart*? but I am not startled at those mean weaknesses: My orders must be put

put in execution; and all the ways yo take to perſwade me, are ſo many motive that incline me to do nothing at all: you be hot take a little water.

Stomack. What! water?

Sobriety. Yes, water.

Stomack. If you had ſaid Strong water it had been ſomewhat, but meer Elemen common water; how is it poſſible I c taſte it, and not expire?

Sobriety. You ſhall taſte it, and n expire for all that. It is far better for yo in the condition you are in, than the O that you would pour upon the fire, whic would conſume you for gooda nd all.

Stomack. Alaſs! where is now th time, when I began my day with a luſt diſh of Chocolate, or a meſs of heart jelly-broath; which, ſome hours aft was followed by an Embaſſie of Pottage conſiſting of a dozen of plump youn Pigeons, ſwimming in Gravy, or othe convenient liquor, and attended wit forced meats, cockscombs, palats, muſh rooms

rooms, and the reſt of that ſavory train; which as Deputies from their principals come to complement the *Taſte* and adver-tiſe me, that whole Nations were upon their march to ſubmit themſelves entirely to the abſolute diſpoſal of the *Appetite*?

Sobriety. How, do you ſtill look back again? have you forgot, that you re-gret the want of that, which has been the cauſe of all your evils? that the leaſt puniſhment which the exceſs of good chear inflicts upon thoſe who give themſelves over to it, is to be loaded with an hundred weight of uſeleſs fat? Theſe ſurfeitings are no ways excuſable but in an old *Scythian* who deſires to be fat, that his Kindred may feed upon him with pleaſure.

Stomack. If you draw theſe conſe-quences from a meſs of Broth, and a Potage, what would you ſay, if you ſaw the ſame Potage flanked with all the diſhes that the four Elements and Seaſon of the year afford as proper for the firſt courſe.

Sobriety.

Sobriety. I would ſay that all th
Diſhes and Plates, are but ſo many ſna
laid for *Health*, and I ſhould long
thoſe delicious repaſts, which conſiſt o
in one diſh furniſhed with one ſor
meat, of which every one takes as m
as he hath need: For I am not for
viving the cuſtom of tying people up
commons. I would have judgment
not neceſſity to be the carver for
Appetite.

Stomack. There are a great many, w
care as little as you do for theſe prelud
and who never fall to feeding in g
earneſt, till they ſee a jolly quak
Pudding, or a trembling Mountain
dainty well dreſt Beef appear.

Sobriety. In ſuch dangerous occaſio
I commend thoſe who begin and
with the Beef.

Stomack. How is it poſſible to ſt
there; for ſeeing theſe are ſerved in h
concocted, if they be but in the le
moiſtned with Wine cooled in Ice, th
do no more but paſs through us witho
any ſtay. And it's well it is ſo; for ro

eat and ſalads, crowned with flowers nd green leaves, preſent themſelves fterward with ſo palitable a meen, and well diſpoſed to follow that which ent before, that it is hard to determine hich of theſe *meats* ought to be allowed he favour of entering firſt. That is then he occaſion when it may be ſaid, that ell cooked meats invite the *Stomack*.

Sobriety. You make them ſay and do whatever you pleaſe. Seeing you covet hem, you are before hand with them, and efore they preſent themſelves to the outh, the eyes have already made way or them to the *Stomack*.

Stomack. That may be; though I am ot always in a condition to admit of all that the eyes devour.

Sobriety. For my part, I cannot comprehend how ſo much Victuals can find room in ſo ſmall a place.

Stomack. It would not be without difficulty, were they not uſhered in by a raviſhing ſteam which the ſmell devours; nd if they came not afterward armed t Sharps, with Lemons and Oranges,

ſeconded by the acrimony of Salt, and fir
of Spices; being in that Equipage, yo
ſee how eaſie it is for them, to force a
that ſtands in their way, either to giv
place, or to fly for it.

Sobriety. I very well conceive, th
the laſt comers chaſe the former; bu
ſeeing that is not done in an inſtant, ho
do you reconcile the roaſt with the raw
the burning-hot. with the Ice-cold, th
Pepper with the Sugar? for it is impoſſi
ble ſo many different Gueſts can cotto
together.

Stomack. Nothing truer, theſe differe
aliments brought from oppoſite Climat
and contrary Elements, impatient
ſuffer the conſtraint to which they ar
reduced. Judg then, what torment I a
in, when that grows to exceſs, as it ha
pens almoſt daily, becauſe the Laws
the Table ſlight all my grievances.

Sobriety. In the manner you ſpeak
them, I fancy I ſee within you an Arm
of different Nations, more enclined t
mutiny and Revolt, than to the goo
of the ſervice.

Stoma

Stomack. That's well ſaid, but in that ſad condition, were I to compare my ſelf to any thing, it ſhould be to *Charons* Boat, after a bloody Battle, becauſe all thoſe different people you ſpeak of, pour in upon me, maimed, torn, haſht and cut, having endured all the rigour of Fire and Sword.

Sobriety. Does not drink make them friends?

Stomack. Not altogether, though all of them earneſtly deſire to be moiſtned, and look upon drink as the ſolace of their pains. And thence it is that the more one drinks, the more one deſires pure Wine without water.

Sobriety. Whence comes that greedy deſire of drinking without thirſt, and without water, ſeeing the civil debauchês heretofore, would not have *Bacchus* go without his Nymph, what does one get by being drunk?

Stomack. Why, it's becauſe no drink but that which intoxicates, can eaſe the

troubles and miſeries of Life: And th
though Wine doth not wholely diſſipa
the anxieties of the unfortunate, yet
ſuſpends them at leaſt; for if Wi
diſcharge not the Debtor, it gives h
Letters of Licenſe: Nay it is even
inſolent as to ſet upon *Reaſon* and va
quiſh her: And of its own plenary pow
without Commiſſion, it enſlaves the Maſ
and ſets free the ſlave.

Sobriety. Wine, by what I hear fr
you, is a Sword in the hand of a m
Man.

Stomack. It is nevertheleſs a ſure me
to diſcover the make of Mens tempe
and to pump out the ſecrets of t
Heart.

Sobriety. Wine ought either to be p
hibited, or reduced within the bounds
cheerfullneſs and pleaſure.

Stomack. Men are ſo ſatisfied of t
truth of what you ſay of the fury
Wine, and the moderation there oug
to be obſerved in it, that it is put in
the keeping of the Servants, duri
t

the time of meal, with orders not to fill any unleſs it be demanded; in ſo much, that there is no exceſs committed ſo long as the Maſters are retained by ſhame, and the Lacquies by fear; but if the wine be ſerved with ſo much circumſpection, it is not ſo with the Muſhroms, *Caviare*, *Botargo*, and *Bolonia* Sauſages, with the Tarts, Creams, Cuſtards, and in general, all that the Seaſon affords to delight and tickle the Palate.

Sobriety. Why don't they baniſh from the Table all that neeeſſity does not require, as coming uncalled to the Feaſt?

Stomack. They are ſo far from rejecting what offers, that they find out things which ought never to be ſerved up, as Shallot, Rocambole, and mouldy ſtinking old Cheeſe, that offend the ſmell, and pleaſe nothing but a jaded and ſtupified Palate.

Sobriety. It's a thing I cannot conceive, how that you not having the talent of ruminating, can diſhinguiſh one thing from another, in the diſorder and con-

fusion they are sent to you, and I cannot imagine what course you can take in that deplorable condition, for your ease and comfort.

Stomack. I have instantly recourse to Ice of all colours, and to the Rose-water and other Sweet-waters, that are served up with the Fruit, the humidity and cold whereof temper and allay the heat of the Wine, and the fire of the Spices. I sip also of *Rosa Solis*, or some other pleasant Water, perhaps of my Lady's own preparing, which bringing up the Rear, forces the straglers to double their pace; but seeing these amusements rather soften and qualifie the evil than cure it, there is a necessity of using powerful Remedies, I mean, that I am fain to comply with the *Tea*, and those boyling hot drinks, that have been invented by strangers, which piercing through that great body of meat, breaks, dissolves and hurries it away into those places where I pretend not to take cognisance.

Sobriety. What, don't you fear to precipitate your digestion?

Stomack

Stomack. No, I can not moiſten too ſoon, nor too warmly nor even too abundantly; for the moſt liquid of my Cargo paſſing through at firſt; I have often found by experience, that if I moiſten not with thoſe hot drinks, the reſt remains in a manner ſtranded, as a Ship upon the Sand when the Sea is out.

Sobriety. When that happens, why do not you expect the next tide, to get your Veſſel a Float again?

Stomack. It would be too long for me to ſuffer; for that heavy and undigeſted Maſs, conſiſting only of what I devoured to ſtay my craving hunger, one may ſtill hear the Bellowing of the Ox and the grunting of the Pig, theſe Bodies never, being ſo divided or diſcompoſed, but that they retain the qualities of their laſt ſpecification.

Sobriety. At that noiſe, do'nt your Neighbours come to your aſſiſtance?

Stomack. They are in no ſmall trouble, eſpecially the *Liver*; but if through weakneſs or any other accident, he per-

forms not all he ought upon my account, the *Gall* or *Spleen* ſupply his defect; after all I muſt confeſs that in my greateſt preſſures, the *Heart* of all others is the readieſt to bring me eaſe.

Sobriety. Can it be taken ill then, that knowing all theſe diſorders, I avoid junketting where *Health* is in greater danger, than the forlorn hope in the day of Battle: Theſe Relations fill me with horrour; However I excuſe what you have alleadged; for it is natural when one is hungry to ſpeak of good cheer. I am therefore more than ever confirmed in my Maxims, and once again I beg of you to take no more to day but a little Roaſt-meat, and ſome Glaſſes of ſmall Beer, or water coloured red.

Stomack. I could not have believed not long ſince, that I could have ſo eaſily obeyed you, I was ſo urged by Paraſites that eat commonly at my Table; but now that they are gone, I want nothing, I am out of humour; and perceive that it is more by cuſtom than neceſſity, that people eat to exceſs.

Fifth

Fifth Dialogue.

Prejudice *that loves junketting, cannot endure* Sobriety.

Sobriety. Prejudice.

Sobriety. I'M either miſtaken, or there comes our enemy? let all be upon their Guard.

Prejudice. What, have you the inſolence to take upon you, as if you were a Soveraign? wretched ſpawn of faſting and abſtinence, who dares neither eat nor drink but by weight and meaſure; do you pretend to give Laws where I am?

Sobriety. Who are you?

Prejudice. Who am I? it is enough that I have authority from *Reaſon*, to make you acknowledge and obey me.

Sobriety.

Sobriety. I make it my Honour to acknowledge and obey *Reason*; but if she hath inveſted you with her Authority, give me a proof of it, by ordaining in favours of a Body overcharged with fat, a ſuſpenſion of ſtrong food, and much *Phyſick*; for that in the ſequel, cannot but produce good effects: In the firſt place ——

Prejudice. In the firſt place, hold your your peace: In the next place get you gone: I neither love Speeches nor Speech-makers. Ho there! *Appetite* awake, *Senſes* beſtir your ſelves, and *Body* prepare every part of thee for a rouzing meal.

Sobriety. Nay, ſay rather, prepare for Death.

Prejudice. What, do I hear thee ſtill, walking *Skeleton*, do you forget you have been Baniſhed out of all ſuch Houſes as this, where joy and wealth abound? get ye hence inſtantly, or I'll ſend you packing with a Volley of Glaſs Bottles about your ears. None but ſuch as thou art,

art, who lead'ſt a wretched life, ought to think of Death: Learn to reverence and Honour *Reaſon* in my Perſon.

Sobriety. You may have the power, but you want the Language of *Reaſon*, or you make her act the part of Gluttony and Drunkenneſs: Never was their a Drunken Fiſh-wench tranſported with more violent paſſions, nor more extravagant Freaks.

Prejudice. What won't you hold your peace yet?

Sobriety. No. On the contrary, liſten rather to me, than to *intemperance* that poyſons your ears. Conſider how little *Health* we have remaining, and put us not in danger of loſing that: It is impoſſible to reconcile voluptuous irregularity with ſound *Health.*

Prejudice. It is in vain for you to hold forth, no body will hear you It is my pleaſure, that forthwith, nay inſtantly, the *Stomack* prepare it ſelf with theſe nouriſhing Broaths, that the *Tongue* taſte lickeriſhly of all theſe various diſhes,

diſhes, and that the *Palate* perfume it ſelf with theſe delicious Wines. Courage, my *Senſes*, theſe exquiſite dainties are ſo many Sacrifices which I conſecrate to your deſires.

Sobriety. Had you to do with a Child whoſe Nurſe you were, I ſhould not think it ſtrange, that you made it your buſineſs to cram it with meat, that ſo you might have time to take your pleaſure whilſt it ſlept. But what can *Reaſon* do in a *Body* overcharged with meat and drink?

Prejudice. She triumphs over our mortal enemy *Emptineſs.*

Sobriety. Strange depravation! the conſequences of this muſt be prevented, if it be poſſible I have taken care for all.

Prejudice. Whence is it that no body obeys me? why does the *Stomack* reſiſt my orders? and what can have made the *Heart* riſe againſt Victuals?

Sobriety.

Sobriety. That's well.

Prejudice. A *Physician*, quickly call a *Doctor*; we must prevent the Distemper: These are the fine effects of the ridiculous sufficiency of *Sobriety*.

Sobriety. You may speak as much ill of me as you please, but why must this poor *Body*, having by a Miracle escaped out of the hands of the Cook and Butler, be now delivered up to the *Surgeon* and *Apothecary*; do you think that it is with Life, as with a Torrent, which as soon as it gets over a precipice scatters and loses its self by its diffusion.

Prejudice. If a *Body* 'le take your word for it, fair *Mistress Prate-a-Pace*, I should be like one of your Rope-dancers without a Pole, that cannot make one step without being in danger of breaking his neck. I renounce all these circumspections; a short and sweet life is better, than, like *Tantalus*, to languish without eating or drinking, in the midst of plenty and abundance.

Sobriety.

Sobriety. However, they that Sup with me have no Headake next Morning. You cannot go out of the right way without ruine. It is not my design to deprive [illegible] of Food, but to put it in the way [illegible] make the right use of it; for [illegible] ignorant that there is more danger in long fasting, than in much eating; *Reason* taught me these Maxims, at that time when she put the *Appetite* under my Government.

Prejudice. That time is past; *Reason* was then well served, now adays she is betrayed; but soon or late she'll revenge herself: For being Mistress of the *Head*, she will reduce the Rebells when she has a mind to it, and perhaps sooner than they think, to a true animal way of Living.

Sobriety. In a good time be it so, we'll willingly submit; and are so far from looking on that as an injury, that we accept of it as a favour. Nay I can assure you that we desire nothing more than that *Reason* were always in the *Head*; for we shall thereby better dispose all that is necessary for the Organs of

Reason,

Reason, and it shall be none of our fault, if she discharge not her functions pleasantly.

Prejudice. You have the wrong Sow by the ear, if we willingly entrench our selves in the *Head*, [illegible] we shall caution our selves against the rhumes and distillations that might overwhelm us in that redout: And if Betony be not sufficient to guard us against them, we shall have recourse to Tobaco, nay and to Euphorbium. In a word, we shall leave no means unessayed to secure us from your attempts.

Sobriety. Do you consider well what you say? your needless precautions move me to pity. To avoid a natural dependance that hath no bad consequences, you are running into mortal slavery, which will drag you through a thousand corruptions into horrours that I dare not name.

Prejudice. I scorn your Prognosticks.

Sobriety. I cannot tell if you'll scorn them always; but do not you imagine that

that *Nature* will ſuffer you to pollute the ſeat of her Empire, by a ſhameful commerce that you intend to have with thoſe drugs.

Prejudice. You are mighty knowing; like enough it's to you that *Nature* reveals her intentions.

Sobri. I know enough to let you know, that it is the intention of *Nature*, that the ſeat where ſhe hath placed *Reaſon*, ſhould neither be hot nor cold, neither dry nor moiſt, but that all theſe qualities ſhould meet there, without the Predominance of one above another. Now, if you pretend to trouble that diſpoſition, I declare to ye, in the name of *Nature*, and of all the parts of the *Body*, that they'll employ all their Forces to hinder it; and that ſo long as they have one drop of humidity left, they'll make it mount from the *Heel* to the *Head*, rather than fail to purifie it from your ſnuſh.

Prejudice. There is nothing that I more paſſionately deſire, than to ſee her make that career. As it is my whole buſineſs

buſineſs to drain the water out of the *Body*, if I can but compaſs my ends by the vertue of Tobaco, we ſhall ſee what *Nature* 'll do to get more.

Sobriety. Know that there is nothing impoſſible to *Nature*, when ſhe endeavours our preſervation. If any internal impediment interrupt the courſe of our *Health*, and that for reparation thereof, *Nature* ſtands in need of Water or Air, ſhe calls for it; and if ſhe be denyed it, ſhe converts the food we take into that which is proper for her. If the malignant humour be in any part of the *Body*, where the Air, the humidity and ordinary tranſpiration are not effectual enough; *Nature* forces theſe impurities to muſter together in ſome place, where being wiſely diſpoſed and ripened, the ſame *Nature* commands the skin to open a Paſſage by which they are ſent forth. And this is the way how ſhe delivers us from bad humours, in what Region ſoever of the *Body* they occur.

Prejudice. Well then! let's imitate *Nature*. Come dear Tobaco, come, and by reiterated ſneezings, open a Paſſage

Paſſage to the Torrent of defluxions wherewith they would drown the Brain dear Tobaco, is there any living without thee? and were it not for thee, could our Life be happy?

Sobriety. That courſe you take does not eaſe but deſtroy the *Body*. It's changing the order of *Nature*, to void the excrements by the *Mouth* and *Noſe*. Having giving you this advice, I have no more to ſay; but remember, if any bad accident happen, which I do but too certainly foreſee, you alone muſt anſwer for it.

Prejudice. All in good time.

Sobriety. Farewell. I'll take a long with me what remains of *Health* and chearfulneſs, with the approbation of Men of breeding; and leave with you nothing but naſtineſs and ſtink, with the averſion of civil people. You will regrate the want of us when we are gone; for the value of a good thing is not known, till it once it be loſt.

Sixth

Sixth Dialogue.

Prejudice *uſes all her endeavours, to take off the* Stomack *and the* Heart *from the Party of* Sobriety.

Prejudice. The Heart. The Stomack.

Prejudice. TELL me I pray, both of you, what's the meaning on't that you do no more obey the orders of *Reaſon*? have you forgot what ſhe hath done for you? anſwer me plainly.

Heart. Since I never diſſemble, I'll tell you frankly, that we have no cauſe to brag of the conduct of *Reaſon*, ſince ſhe hath given her ſelf over to the exceſſes of the *Mouth* and of *Phyſick*.

Prejudice. Phyſick is not the point in hand, though both of you ſtand much

in

in need of it, the queſtion is, what ground ye have to refuſe your Victuals; is it that the *Stomack* pretends to digeſt no more, that it may give cauſe to thoſe who wait for its concoctions or digeſtions, to put all into trouble and combuſtion?

Stomack. Do you your ſelf think that a *Stomack* is like a Market, which is only valued according to the quantity of goods that are carried thither and brought from thence?

Heart. Hath abſtinence made us neglect our functions, or fail in our duty?

Prejudice. No: But both of you ſet about them ſo faintly, that if you perſiſt a little longer in your careleſneſs, I will not give much for our Life. Is that the way to ſet the *Belly* and *Reins* to rights again, which for a long time have done nothing without the help of *Phyſick*; what can the *Stomack* ſay to that?

Stomack. I blame my ſelf for nothing, but that I was too late in oppoſing your irregularities. Are not you aſhamed to have

have made so bad use of your Authority? you are the cause of debauching the *Appetite*, and of rendring that blind buzzard independant of the *Heart* and me, which ought to have been obedient to our orders.

Prejudice. Speak more civilly of the *Appetite*, without it what would become of you?

Stomack. For my share, I pay very dear for the effects of his fickleness and inconstancy; is he mad for some new object? hardly hath he touched it, but that he forsakes it for another; in the mean time I bear the burthen of all.

Prejudice. You are very bold in daring to controul his actions, he is not to give account of them to you; but you are to give me an account of yours: Answer then precisely to what I ask you.

Stomack. I know no obligation that lyes upon me to you, nay nor *Reason* her self when she rambles out of the Maxims of *Nature*, and acts not according to her orders. So that, look to it, it is *Reason* and you that are in the fault, and not

not I. For ſatisfying that unruly *Appetite*, which you fooliſhly juſtifie, you have made me devour and conſume more meat within theſe Ten years, than would have ſerved a ſober Man for a whole Age; and as often as I ſhow'd any reluctancy againſt that exceſs, preſently I muſt be condemned to *Phyſick*.

Prejudice. How many lies now, to you pile up one upon another?

Stomack. Nay, it is but too true, that I have taken ſo many Medicines and in ſo many different ways, that it's a Miracle they did not kill me. For there is not a Receipt in all the diſpenſatory, that to woful experience has not been tried upon me; and as if it were not enough for meriting the glorious Title of the Martyr of the Faculty; that I have been a Thouſand and a Thouſand times drenched and ſoaked with bitter drinks, and as often let *Blood*; they have glutted us in Summer with hot water, and in the Winter with cold. They have ——

Prejudice.

Prejudice. They have ordered nothing for you in those Two Seasons, but upon very good indications: Would you have such knowing and disinterested Men as *Physicians* are, see ones *Health* in danger, and not reach it a hand; that civil and officious way of acting hath by my means so wrought upon *Reason*, that it hath conquered that Natural aversion which till then she always had for *Physick*.

Heart. How can it be that *Reason* hath had so great an aversion to *Physick*, and yet have Sacrificed us to *Physicians*?

Prejudice. Had it not been for me, she had hardly resolved upon it, for in her own *Nature* she is very irresolute; and you know that irresolution is not a Disease to be cured by Age.

Heart. To be cured of that, the best Remedy is experience; and indeed few are made wise by the experience of others.

Prejudice. Of what use can experiments be, when Two things never happen all-

together one way? what did hur yesterday, does good to day. One thin is *Healthful* in infancy, which in Old Ag is mortal; every thing in this Worl is singular: So that consequences draw from the past, signifie nothing for th future.

Heart. These experiments however are less faulty than conjectures, becaus one may far better judge of a Distempe by the effect of a Remedy, than o Diseases by their causes, which ar unknown to us.

Prejudice. I see what you drive at; a that an able *Physician* says, though fou ded on good sense, and imme nori practice, is with you no more than Remedy prescribed at a venture, and pr paired by a blockhead; from which o can promise himself nothing but prese pain and certain Death. Whereas, you may be credited, an odd Recei given by the first we meet, is in yo opinion an infallible Specifick; an Universal Remedy: But these ordina Specificks and Universal *Doctors*, ar much like a flash of Lightning in a dar

Nigh

ight, which having given us a glance objects, leaves in us a greater obscu- ty than before.

Heart. Do'nt take me up before I'm own, I can make good what I say with- ut your help; know then that by e word experience or experiment, only mean Natural and agreeable ways living, which are followed by whole ations, and that successfully.

Prejudice. That's to say, that accor- ing to these aphorisms, you would in he Morning drink Coffee with the *Turks*, and with the *Chinesses* Tea after Dinner, Choco'ate in the Evening with ne *Mexicans*, and Wine all the rest of he day with some people of *Europe*.

Heart. Why do'nt you add to com- leat the round of the known World, hat I would drink Milk with the *Tartars* nd *Affricans*, Mead with the *Moscо- ites*, and Sherbet with the *Turks*; but nce it is not necessary for one Man to ake use of all the productions of *Nature*, or of all the emprovements of Art, it s enough that every one in particular

make ſome little experiments of wh
agrees with himſelf; there is nothi
more eaſie than that: For it is not wi
the *Stomack* as with a Painters Pal
which ought to be furniſhed with
the chief Colours, if they intend to
preſent all ſorts of objects to the Life
ſeeing of one ſimple kind of Foo
Nature maketh fleſh and bones, and Pai
the Lillies and Roſes of the Complectio
as well as the Or and Azure of the Ey
and hair.

Prejudice. Theſe Poetical flouriſh
are wide of the ſubject. The queſti
is to know, if that be the way to redu
the *Stomack* to the Animal Life wh
you affect, by making it renounce
the preparations of Art, and only recei
from the hands of *Nature* Herbs and r
meat, and eat Rice and Corn as th
come out of the Ear.

Stomack. In the ſad ſtate to which
conſtitution, that was once very go
is now reduced, I could not with
difficulty leap from one extremity to
nother; but yet allowing ſome e
qualification, I could with pleaſure t

he part of *Nature*; for the moſt ſimple ood is eaſieſt to be found, and ſooneſt igeſted: To what end ſuch Maſſacres of Oxen, Sheep, Foul, and wild Beaſts, hat croud of Officers, that number of Engines and dreſſes to diſguiſe them nto a Thouſand ſhapes? when our Gardens furniſh us with Strawberries, Melons, Figs, and Grapes: However, am ſtill perſwaded, that one may keep his *Health* very well though he Taſte of ll, but not ſurfet on any.

Heart. I ſhould be of the ſame opinion, provided they would not oblige us to take *Phyſick*, and would ſuffer us to renounce Ptiſan and Barley-water.

Prejudice. You make me ſick, both of you, by this groundleſs averſion you have for *Phyſick*: *Reaſon* wo'nt learn of you the way how to live, and if ſhe have occaſion to change her courſe, ſhe'l conſult thoſe who are more knowing and leſs headſtrong than you.

Heart. So long as *Reaſon* acts by your whimſey, ſhe'l never bring us to a reconciliation; that is too weighty an affair

to be managed by ſo light a head as yours is.

Prejudice. As light as it is, if the Gu will be perſwaded by me, it ſhall no be long before you repent that ye have offended me.

Seventh Dialogue.

Prejudice *propoſes to the* Inteſtine *to enter into a combination against the Party of the* Heart.

Prejudice. The Inteſtines.

Prejudice. YE are very ſtill and quie below there, my Maſter de'ye fear nothing that this calm threa tens ye with a ſudden ſtorm?

Inteſtines. What are the three orde of Medicine at a conſultation abov then?

Prejudi

Prejudice. You have hit it, and it is already concluded, to make you in the first place serve for the Funnel of a Chimney; for that end they are enjoyning the *Mouth* and *Lungs* to fill you with the * smoak of Tobaco, and if that do not work, the fear that it will put you in, will make you purge at least.

Inteſtines. You are about to tell us a tale of a (2) ſtork; who ever heard of waſhing the *Guts* with a Gliſter of ſmoak?

Prejudice. It'll be well for you if you eſcape ſo; there are other geats matters a hatching.

Inteſtines. What can befall us worſe?

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* *An Engliſh Glyſter.*

(2) *It's ſaid, that Bird gives it ſelf Glyſters, and that therefore the Colledge of* Phyſicians *at* Paris *give three of them in their Arms.*

Prejudice. What, have ye not as yet perceived, that the *Heart* and *Stomack* are Revolted againſt *Reaſon*, with a deſign to render themſelves Maſters of the *Body*, that they may govern it according to their fancy?

Inteſtines. You mean that *manifeſto* that was Publiſhed ſome years agoe, with the title of § *The complaints and reproaches of the* Stomack.

Prejudice. No, no, this is a new War, and of far greater conſequence than that you ſpeak of.

Inteſtines. It's then that other, called *Every Man his own Phyſician*, or to ſay better, *Every Man his own Murderer*, ſince that ventures upon *Phyſick* as well as the Colledge.

Prejudice. You think you know every thing, and ye know juſt nothing at all. Theſe Two Books I tell you are not the queſtion in hand, but the Revolt of the *Heart* and *Stomack* againſt *Reaſon*.

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§ *Ventriculi querela & opprobria.*

Inteſtines.

Inteſtines. What, do they complain that they have not Victuals enough?

Prejudice. On the contrary, they complain that they are too much pampered; and is not that d' ye think, a rare good cauſe of War: Nevertheleſs if they go on as they have begun, the *Body* within a very little, will be no more but a bag full of Bones and a living Carcaſs.

Inteſtines What'll they get by ſtarving the *Body?* they'l be the firſt that ſuffer. There muſt be *more* or *leſs* in this matter; to judge well of it we muſt give them a hearing.

Prejudice. Were they both here to ſpeak for themſelves, they would but confirm you, that they are entered into a League with *Sobriety* and *Patience*, to turn *Appetite* out of his place, and to diſcharge the *Mouth* to take any thing without expreſs orders from them. Nay they are grown ſo inſolent as to have Publiſhed, that whoever will joyn with them in the cauſe, ſhall have *Health* beſtowed upon him for a Reward. Conſider how extravagant they are, to pro-

miſe what they have not: And indeed, they had as good ſay nothing, as to tell us that they have the *Heart* upon the *Lips*, and that they ſpeak with an open *Heart* no body will believe them upon their word.

Inteſtines. A ſtrange diſorder, indeed, and may be of dangerous conſequence.

Prejudice. There is not the leaſt danger for you, however, though our enemies were even become Maſters of the *Mouth*; for *Phyſicians* are not without expedients to make the *Body* ſubſiſt without it.

Inteſtines. How without the *Mouth*?

Prejudice. Yes, without the *Mouth*: For by the help of the ſmell alone they can make us live like Gods, upon the ſcent and ſteam of Perfumes and Sacrifices.

Inteſtines. That 'll do well enough, for thoſe that live on Smoak. But it muſt be ſomewhat more ſolid, that will do our buſineſs.

Prejudice

Prejudice. Beſides that expedient, the Faculty hath alſo the *Navil* and pores of the *Skin*, for putting relief into the place on all ſides, by way of Humectations, Frictions, Epithems, and Imbrocations; and though all theſe ways ſhould fail, you know, ſhe has the command of a Paſſage, by which ſhe can ſend in Proviſions for a long Seige; nor are ye ignorant that the *Body* may be fed by as many avenues as it is purged.

Inteſtines. All that you ſay is but a tale of a Tub. There is nothing that does the *Body* good, but what the *Stomack* receives by the *Mouth*: But do not you admire, how briſk and quick theſe grave *Doctors* are upon the matter? hardly is the War declared but they begin to talk of coming to extremities. We therefore conclude that if the *Heart* and *Stomack* require no more of us, but a little Faſting, and will give us now and then ſomewhat to keep us from being idle, we are reſolved to be on their ſide.

Prejudice. What do you think that ye can hold out long, without ſolid Food

twice

twice a day, and that in abundance too?

Inteſtines. There is nothing more common for Beaſts of Prey ſuch as we are, than to ſpend whole days without eating.

Prejudice. A very Honourable thing, indeed, for a River of a long courſe to run dry.

Inteſtines. To run dry, is not the thing that troubles us; if they were not more diſturbed above, than we are here below, we ſhould not have the violent Tides of the Ebbs and Flowings of the Ocean of Medicine to ſtemm twice a day, which much interrupts the courſe of our Navigation.

Prejudice. Are theſe the thanks that are due for the Refreſhments that are ſent you? You ſet up for Informers upon account of the Commerce ye have with the miſſentery, by means of a great many little Veſſels; but we'l quickly ſee if with Pinchgut you can make as much noiſe, aswith full allowance.

Inteſtines

Inteſtines. You are too happy aloft, if ye knew it, that we carry ſo fair with your irregularities; and that by our continual application to ſeparate the pure from the impure, we lay up ſtore for your plumpneſs and the freſh colours that beautify your complection.

Prejudice. If you do us a great kindneſs that way, we are not unthankful for it; for there is ne're an one of us all, but makes a God of his Belly.

Inteſtines. If upon that conſideration you have offered us any Sacrifice, it is you that have all the pleaſure and we all the pain. Nay you have found it to be ſo, for we have not ſuffered without grumbling.

Prejudice. Do'nt repine at your condition; there is none amongſt us more to be envied; your Dominion reaches from one end to the other of our Empire. You command the inlets and moſt frequent outlets of the Kingdom. The whole Members of the State labour for you: So that in Juſtice and gratitude, ye ought to declare

clare in favour of *Reaſon* whom I repreſent. The *Reins*, *Liver*, *Pancreas*, and many others are on our ſide; and we have already, according to the opinion of the Ancients, acknowledged the *Liver* for the Original of the *Blood*, and by conſequence, of life: In ſo much that it hath been reſolved, that in that quality he ſhall bear rule over the *Body*, next and immediately under *Reaſon*.

Inteſtines. It is not the firſt time a Log has been made a King.

Prejudice. That Log however will not ſuffer a contempt from the Frogs: Seeing puniſhment and reward, are the great hinges on which the moſt flouriſhing States turn, the *Liver* hath reſolved to feed and water the parts that diſcharge their functions well, with pure *Blood*, and pour out upon the Lazy, and the Rebels the fury of his choler, which is a terrible Thunderbolt that *Nature* hath put into his hands.

Inteſtines. What will become of the *Heart*, in the mean time?

Prejudice.

Prejudice. We'l keep him to his old task of labouring Night and Day, to rack the *Blood* as Coopers do Wine, pouring it out of one Veſſel into another.

Inteſtines. Confeſs the truth, there is a great deal of gall in your Party; and you'l be ſenſible e're it be long that your General uſes mortal rigours.

Prejudice. And is the *Heart* without them? that's a thing in a manner, inſeparable from Government. If the *Heart* hath no gall, he hath his melancholy and anxieties, which are full as bad. Delay no longer then, to liſt your ſelf for the *Good Old Cauſe*; if ye make but the leaſt heſitation ye are undone.

Inteſtines. We are not affraid of you; all that we can do for you is to ſtand *neuter*, giving free paſſage to both Parties; if you expect more of us, we declare that we'l ſtick by the *Heart*, who labours Day and Night to animate and cheriſh all our Low-Countreys.

Prejudice.

Prejudice. I know the *Heart* better than ye do: He is a braggadocio who truſting to the advantageous Poſt wherein *Nature* hath placed him, thinks he may from thence huff and threaten all the World; but do but ſcratch him and he is dead: Say but an angry word to him and he is all in a rage: Let him but ſee his own *Blood* and he ſaints: Does he but paſs his uſual hour of eating and he falls into fits: The leaſt ſurprize puts him into a palpitiation: Has he a mind to any thing, he puts all into trouble and confuſion, without liſtning to *Reaſon*, and even then too when he has not the leaſt cauſe of complaining, nay quite forgetting himſelf either gluts his brutiſh *Appetite*, to the ruine of the *Body*, or he gives himſelf over as a Prey to his own Paſſions, which rend and conſume him: In fine he is a fool, and ſo great an enemy to repoſe, that he'l neither reſt himſelf, nor ſuffer others to do ſo, and has ſo many odd and capricious Freaks, that to teach him better manners, we'l have him as well as the *Stomack* to ſubmit to the *Liver*.

Inteſtines.

Inteſtines. You think you have ſaid wonders now, but to be free with you, you are neither pleaſant enough to make us merry, nor learned enough to make us change our ſentiment.

Preju. If I have not Rhetorick enough to perſwade, I have power to make me be obeyed: With the Rabble force muſt ſtand in the ſtead of Eloquence. Reſolve then inſtantly to follow the Party I propoſe, or I'll uſe you like miſerable crawling Inſects, whoſe [a] vermiculary motions I know how to put a ſtop to, when ever I think fit.

Inteſtines. We fear you not, we are [b] Six Brethren, invincible becauſe inſeparable.

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[a] *The* Guts *move like Earth-Worms.*

[b] *There are ſix Guts joyned to one another.*

Prejudice.

Prejudice. Is not this insolence in the dregs of the People, to be wondred at? it will not be long before I see them reduced to a * *miserere*; for they are so sullen and hypochondriacal that they strangle themselves.

Intestines. If we strangle our-selves, you'l suffer as much as we. And as to the positive resolution you demand, know that your being on the one side, is enough to make us of the other.

Prejudice. Ye imagine that it will be mighty convenient for you to have your Channels contracted, and Sluces made in them, because ye fancy that ye'l have the liberty to open and shut them when you have a mind: But deceive not your selves, ye can never pass these Bars, whatever Abstinence and Diet may promise you, without the assistance of the Faculty. Therefore stand no longer at *SHALL I, SHALL I*; but spedily joyn in interest with her; ye know

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* *A Disease.*

that

that ſhe hath always looked upon you as the Baſis and Foundation of her Art; if ye refuſe, ſhe'l rather ſuffer you to burſt a Thouſand times, than to give you a minutes eaſe.

Inteſtines. What can ſhe do to us in time of open War, when ſhe uſes Fire and Sword againſt us in the midſt of ſecure peace. And therefore, *That* for both your threatnings, there's Wind for ye.

Prejudice. What, do ye grumble, and have ye the inſolence to mock the Thunder: I wonder no more that you are in bad odure in the World. But it will be to much purpoſe for you to hide your ſelves; we know how to find you out in the obſcuritie of your lurking hole, and we ſhall ſee how ye'l behave your ſelves at ſight of Canon, and when the Petard is faſtened to the Gate.

Eighth

Eighth Dialogue.

Prejudice *is ſuppoſed to be coming out of the Houſe of a* Phyſician *whom we do not ſee, and that at the door ſhe ſays to him.*

Prejudice. *Patience.*

Prejudice. YOu may rely upon me; all ſhall be punctually done according as you have ordered: but fail not to come to Morrow Morning and ſee the effects of what you have promiſed me: In the mean time accept of this token of my Gratitude. Above all things—ho, ho; ſo ſoon as ever they have fingered our Money, they ſhut the door, and will hear us no more: My comfort is, he has put ſomewhat into my hands that will revenge me on my Enemies. Without loſs of time, let us run then and put the Irons into the fire—But here

her comes *Patience*; we muſt carry it as if ſhe were on our ſide, for fear ſhe eſcape us.

Patience. You go in great haſte. Tell me pray whither do you run? who Preſſes you?

Prejudice. Not you Lazy Lowt, who would have every Body go like a Tortoiſe as you do.

Patience. But ſtill, what Paper is that you hug in your Boſome, with ſo much gladneſs?

Prejudice. It's a Paper of great vertue, for it's going to reſtore the loſt *Appetite* and vigour to a ſick Perſon that is in a deſperate condition, and in ſhort to bring one from Death to Life again, who at preſent has neither *Hands* nor *Feet* to help himſelf. If you are not ſatisfied, read it.

Patience. That is ſooner ſaid than done; ha! what is this? the oddeſt kind of Writing, and moſt extravagant Hyeroglyphicks that I ever ſaw: There muſt be ſomething of the *Black Art* in this: It's a Charm or Spell; and if it produce

produce the effect you expect from it, the Devil must be in it.

Prejudice. Well, well; the Charms and compacts you speak of, are only practised by Outlandish Doctors, § who for the discovery of a Specifick which they have brought over to us, have not only given themselves to the Devil, but also covenanted to deliver up to him, all those that make use of it. Now, I think you are satisfied that the *Doctors* of the Colledge would not make use of a Medicine till first they had stript it of all its Charms, and transformed it after their way.

Patience. What, do your *Doctors* fear Spells and Charms? they must be sent then to Mr. *Webster* to be cured of the fear of Witches; but to come to this Paper again, wherein I cannot understand a Letter, tell me who scribled it, for I cannot perswade my self that it is the Hand-Writing of a Man in his Senses.

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§ *The opinion of a Famous* Physician, *concerning* Talbors Secret.

Prejudice.

Prejudice. And yet it is the Writing of ſo wiſe a Man, that he deſerves to be adored.

Patience. Pray, what is there in him that is adorable.

Prejudice. Can there be any thing more Divine, than by the means of this Bill, to ſee five or ſix Specificks made up into a little Pill; which without nauſeouſneſs or pain entering into the *Stomack*, begin their work by quenching a burning heat; which by intervals ſent up thicker Smoak and Vapours than a Glaſs-houſe; having ſcoured and well corroborated the *ventricle*, * they march out and divide themſelves, ſome this way, ſome that way, for putting their different Orders in Execution. One of them joyns the *Chile*; and following it through its long windings and meanders, accompanies it along the Milky *Veins* till it arrive at the *Heart*; which it comforts and refreſhes ſo benignly, that the circula-

* *The* Stomack.

tion

tion thereby is rendered more quick and better: Coming out from thence, it divides it ſelf into an infinite number of Particles, and following the fortune of the *Arteries*, it leaves behind it to the diſpoſition of the *Glandules*, all the Seroſities from which it hath purified the *Blood*: This being done, it rejoyns the *Brain*, where it Refines the *Blood* in ſuch a manner, that it Transforms the ſame into a Nervous Juice, and then into Animal Spirits, which diſſipate and drive away thoſe miſts that cauſes *Vertigo's* and *Dilirium's*. In the mean time the other Specificks are not aſleep. One takes the charge of emptying the *Gall*, and leaves no more choler in it, than what is enough from *Hand* to *Mouth*, to ſerve for ferment and vehicle for the march of Aliments. From thence it paſſes through the lobs of the *Liver*, where it viſits and repairs the *Percolatoreis* and *Strainers* of the *Blood*, in the Neighbourhood of this, one reſolutely makes head againſt the *Miſentery*, there to quench another fire compoſed of Sulphur and Pitch, the malignity whereof makes people Hyphocondriacal. Another labours in cleanſing the *Spleen*, and

and allaying its humours, dextrously facilitating the course of the pancreatick juyce, which had been corrupted by an inveterate obstruction. Having thus all of them with emulation forced the gross humours to flight by the common rode of the *Guts*, and thereby subdued the *Intemperaries* of the *Intralls*, they muster altogether in the Region of the *Reins*: But before they enter them, they sport a little, in draining the *Atrabiliarious Capsules* of a melancholy humour. In fine, traversing the *Reins*, where they leave not the least impurity, by the way of the *Uretors* they descend into the *Bladder*, from whence they victoriously Sally forth in a full stream, leading with them in Triumph whatever opposed the course of their Victory.

Patience. What a deal of ground have you beat, and how many discoveries have you made? how skillful are you in the Geography of the little World? and how nobly do you relate the exploits of your Hero's? An Historian that had your Talents might impose what he would upon credulous minds: Nevertheless none but *Patience* could

have heard so many absurdities, without interrupting you. Is it possible that one can invent such gross Fables, and dare to give them out for truths.

Prejudice. I say nothing but what I know to be true, having seen it a Hundred and a Hundred times. You ought therefore to believe me.

Patience. Since you are so very serious in your answer, I must be so too. I suppose that for attaining to the knowledge you brag of, you have with singular application, dissected in presence of your *Doctors*, a great number of dead *Bodies*, and living Creatures. What have you discovered in all that labour? the situation and conformity of the most apparent parts: What have you learnt by seeing them? The simple Letters of the Alphabet of a true Anatomy: By consequent, you are very far from being able to understand any thing in the Book of the *Body* of Man. For the proof of this, open that Book in what part you please, and you'll find that *Nature* who hath Compoled it, divides and subdivides it self at first into so many little Parti-

cles

cles, and ſo imperceptible, that they immediately eſcape the nimbleſt fingers, and moſt piercing ſight: So that your adorable *Doctors* ought to be toſſed in a Blanket, if they maintain that one can attain to a certain knowledge of things, by means of thoſe minute Particles.

Prejudice. We do'nt talk of Anatomy but of Specificks, of whoſe virtues and effects I brag, becauſe I know them.

Patience. How can you know the Nature of Specificks, when your *Doctors* know not to this day, why *Sene* purges *Choller*, or *Chervill* purifies the *Blood?* but ſuppoſe you knew the virtue of *Simples* and of *Drogues*: Who hath aſſured you, that when they are mixed and blended together, their different virtues do not deſtroy one another: And though they ſhould not deſtroy one another in the Pill, what is it that ſeparates and diſentangles them in the *Stomack?* who guides them into the different Regions of the *Body*, where the Faculty hath aſſigned them their Province, whither you follow them ſtep by ſtep,

and from whence you return with them in Triumph?

Prejudice. You would not ſtart ſo many difficulties, if you knew as well as I do, that *Nature* does with extream joy receive all that her dear Daughter the Faculty ſends her. It is that good Mother who releaſes the Specificks from the conſtraint, to which the narrow paſſage of the *Heart* had reduced them, and ſets them at liberty to produce their ſeveral effects, as I have juſt now told you.

Patience. I imagined, that having found you ſo ſerious before, you would not have ſpoken any thing more but what was real and ſolid; nevertheleſs you relapſe again into the Romance, not to ſay the foppery of Medicine: Have you forgot that it is the part of an able *Phyſician* to aſſiſt *Nature*, and not of *Nature* to ſecond the whimſeys and capries of an ignorant? he that would be of your opinion, muſt renounce common ſenſe, and confeſs that *Nature* dotes.

Prejudice

Prejudice. I ſhall not examine whither *Nature* dote or not; but I maintain that *Phyſicians* are never out in the proceedings they have with her.

Patience. How could your Maſters have fully inſtructed you in all thoſe particularites of *Nature*; when they themſelves are not as yet certain, whither the *Blood* be made in the *Liver* or in the *Heart*: Who call the *Spleen* a uſeleſs part, and who cannot conjecture what can be the uſe and function of the *Pancreas.*

Prejudice. What matters it, in effect where the *Blood* be made, and what need we care for knowing the neceſſity and uſe of the parts you ſpeak of? It's our part to look when the Houſe is foull, how we are to ſet about the cleaning of it. Provided one eaſe your ſhoulders of a Burden, what's that to you, how or by whom it is done; it is enough you are diſcharged of it.

Patience. Pardon me there; it concerns me very much to know what courſe

you take to make clean my Houſe: For the furniture muſt not be thrown out of Window with the filth, as it daily happens to you; and far leſs with the burden muſt the *Skin* be pulled off of our *Shoulders*, as your pretended Specificks diſguiſed into *Phyſick* do.

Prejudice. I do'nt underſtand what you mean, ſpeak more intelligibly, if you expect an anſwer.

Patience. Well, I'll explain my ſelf; take it then thus: No ſooner has the *Stomack* notice that it muſt take *Phyſick* to Morrow, but the whole *Body* is ſeized with ſadneſs and horrour, ſo that it enjoys no more pleaſure nor repoſe. If the hour come when the Cup is to be drunk, hardly hath Reluctancy given a minutes reſpite to the *Mouth* to take the *Phyſick*, but that the *Heart* riſes in favour of the *Stomack*, to deliver it from the ſame; and when the *Heart* ſucceeds not, all is in a ſtir and commotion, and the *Hickock* Rings the Alarm Bell.

Prejudice

Prejudice. There's ridiculous ſtuff indeed.

Patience. In that trouble and agitation the good humours that are irritated, move, and march to the place where the enemy appears, with deſign to ſtop that Poyſon at the Fountain head, and make it turn back the ſame way it came. But when Vomiting has miſſed its blow, and the main *Body* of the Medicine hath unhappily got into the *Guts*, the humours change their Battery, drive the *Phyſick* before them, and purſue it downward with ſo much eagerneſs that moſt part of them are loſt with it. In the mean time the *Doctor* accuſtomed to impoſe upon *Nature*, though he ſee by what is done, the miſchief he hath cauſed; Proclames his *Victory*, whil'ſt the *Patient* deplores his loſſes, though he hath vanquiſhed the Poyſon.

Prejudice. You talk of humours and *Phyſick*, as a blind Man does of Colours.

Patience. However, I know by experience, that *Phyſick* ſerves not ſo much to drive out the bad humours as to corrupt the good; for a Purge produces the ſame effects in a ſound *Body*, as in a ſick.

Prejudice. Say whatever you can, I maintain that it is the *Phyſick* that drives the bad humours out of the *Body*; and not the good humours that drive out the *Phyſick*.

Patience. There is no talking of different humours, when one hath *Phyſick* in his *Body*, for it makes them all bad: *Phyſick* then in the *Body* is like duſt thrown upon a crawling Snail: The poor creature to deliver it ſelf from that unexpected obſtacle, preſently retreats within its ſhell, and with the loſs of its ſweat comes out again delivered from the impediment that hindered it from continuing its Journey.

Prejudice. You may ſay all that you pleaſe, but you cannot deny that *Phyſick* reſtores the *Patient* to his loſt *Appetite*.

Patience.

Patience. If the *Patient* recover his *Appetite*, he is not to thank the *Phyſick* for that, but *Nature*, which perceiving after the fight that I was juſt now diſcribing, that the *Patients* Forces have been much weakned, orders the *Taſte*, the *Smell*, and the *Appetite*, to take whatever ſhall be offered them, for recruiting, with all expedition, the loſſes ſuſtained, that ſo, what the Poyſon of the *Phyſick* hath diſcompoſed, may be inſtantly put into order and frame again.

Prejudice. Your fictions are fully as Romantick as mine, and all that can be ſaid is, that ſuch Rebells as you are cannot abide *Phyſicians.*

Patience. On the contrary, we would have every Man to be his own: But our *Phyſicians* are not like yours, who make both the foul and fair Weather, in your Diſeaſes. We would have our *Phyſicians* in all things, and at all times, referr themſelves to *Nature*, and make it their chief buſineſs to lay up a ſtock of chearfulneſs and delight, whereby we might ſeaſon every thing: For we neither take

nor do any thing, if there be not somewhat of content and satisfaction in it, so that we live, nay, and I dare say, that we dy withdelight. Delight is a Coyn that passes as currant with us as it did in the Golden Age: For we esteem things no otherways but according to the measure of delight that they afford us. In fine delight is a quintessence without which no enjoyment of Life seems good to us, and we hold it for a maxim that chearfulness and delight refresh the mind, encrease the vigour of *Body*, preserve Youth, and prolong Life.

Prejudice. No *Body* doubts but that delight and chearfulness have all the Virtues you name; the difficulty is only where it is to be had and how prepared.

Pati. You may easily believe that it is not to be found at the Droguists, nor prepared in the shops of Apothecaries. But inform your self of all the innocent pleasures that are in the World; in these pure sources, *Nature* would have us look for delight, which every one of us according to our Palate should accommodate to our own necessities.

Prejudice.

Prejudice. If your *Health* be not more solid than your *Physick*, I shall believe you to be in great danger when you are sick, for my part I'll stick by the Main-Mast, I find that the Faculty governs so well this Machine of Man, that I think it cannot be committed to the care of better hands

Patience. So much and no more would a skillful Watch maker say of a Watch, when he had examined all the pieces of it: But can a *Physician* do the same with your pretended Machine of the *Body*? having taken it to peeces, can he set it again in Motion?

Prejudice. You would not be much out of the way, if the Machine we speak of, were made up like a Watch: It is enough that our *Doctors* have the Key of our Machine, that opens and shuts the door to *Health* and Diseases.

Patience. Nay, truly I believe your *Doctors* have a Key that opens the door to Diseases, and with a grim look, shuts it upon *Health*.

Prejudice.

Patience. What d'ye ſay of a grim look? is there any thing ſo refreſhing to a ſick perſon as the ſight of a *Phyſician*?

Phyſician. A *Patient* that rejoyceth at the ſight of a *Phyſician*, is ſicker in mind than in *Body*: And every *Patient* that willingly takes what his *Phyſician* preſcribes to him, if he be not his own Murderer, he is at leaſt acceſſory to his own Death.

Prejudice. He! who can oblige a ſick perſon to take any thing againſt his will?

Patience. A Mother, a Wife, a Child, an old Servant, who being ſeduced or frightened by a croud of *Phyſicians*, change their love and friendſhip into Perſecution and Tyranny, all declaring for the *Phyſicians* whom they love not, againſt a dying perſon whom they adore: So that ſtriving to ſave the *Patient*, they kill him; giving him no reſt, till he be delivered up bound hand and foot, to the Surgeon, and till he hath

ſwallowed

ſwallowed down the *quid pro quo*, of the Apothecary; for all know the *Doctors* hand, but no *Body* can read it.

Prejudice. You put me now in mind of my Bill, give it me again, I pray, that I may put it into the hands of thoſe who can make better uſe of it than you.

Patience. Take it, I know nothing it is good for; but I cannot conceive, how a Man, that dares not truſt his Purſe to his friend, commits his Life to a *Phyſician* whom he knows not.

Preju. I'll anſwer you another time. I have loſt but too much time with you already; farewell enemy of *Phyſicians.*

Patience. You'r miſtaken, I'm only an enemy to their bad practice.

Prejudice. And for my part, ſuch as it is, I reverence it, and am perſwaded it works good effects, let me then fly away with my dear Bill, and hear you no more.

Patience.

Patience. She is already got so far that she cannot hear me; I must make the best of her absence, and of a meeting that I am to have with *Reflection*, for endeavouring the re-establishment of our little Empire. If this misunderstanding continue any longer, It 'll undo us, and involve us all in the common misfortune.

Ninth Dialogue.

Reflection *reconciles* Reason *with the* Heart *and* Stomack; *and they resolve unanimously to renounce* Physick.

Reflection. *The Heart.*
Reason. *The Stomack.*

Reflection. LEt not the *Heart* and *Stomack* any longer blame the conduct *Reason* has for some time followed.

followed. She hath been *Prejudiced*, it is true, but as it is great wisdome to forget a fault, so let us speak no more of what is past; and let there be no more rancour and animosity amongst us.

Heart. Reason then, does at length confess that she is not infallible.

Reflection. Neither is she so guilty as you take her to be. Consider that it was impossible for her to have acted otherways than she hath done, during the impetuositie of hot-headed Youth; she was alone, and had none to stand by her, without *Experience*, encompassed with bad examples, sollicited by *Appetites*, authorised by custom, and flattered by the *Senses*, how could she resist so many powers?

Heart. Had that been all, she had been in some measure excusable; but so soon as she gets out of one Gulph, must she throw herself headlong into another?

Reflection. I am of the same opinion as you are of, that to remedy the excesses

ceſſes of the *Mouth*, ſhe had better hav conſulted *Nature* than *Phyſicians:* But there are ſome things which appear ſo charming at firſt ſight, that we embrace them with pleaſure; thinking our ſelves ſure that the ſequel will anſwer the beginning.

Heart. That's the caſe with thoſe who are *Prejudiced*; they imagine that the beaten Road is the ſafeſt way.

Reflection. Who can be armed againſt that, *Reaſon* gliding along with the ſtream of Medicine; hath been as a great many more, carried out into the open Sea, contrary to her expectation and deſire.

Heart. She who ſuggeſts to the wiſe, not to Sail but along the Coaſt, why did not ſhe put in to ſhoar again.

Reflection. What can one do, the firſt time that he is toſſed with Winds and Tempeſts? ſo that it is no wonder, if in that confuſion ſhe abandoned the Helm.

Heart.

Heart. But to whom did she abandon it?

Reflection. To those whom she took to be sincere and able persons, because with extream confidence they offered themselves in time of danger; but time hath made her but too sensible since, that all they sought for was to make advantage of her misfortune, and to be instructed at her cost.

Heart. Nay, so far were they from serving her, that I know their doubts and irresolutions have represented Death to her, nearer than the Winds and Waves in the height of their rage have done.

Reflection. The truth is, these ignorant Pilots have put her into greater danger by their bad working of the Vessel, than if she had only had the Storm and foul weather to struggle with.

Heart. It could not otherways be.

Reflection. Be it as it will, all of them being now at their wits end, and knowing no

no more what to do, they left themſelves to the mercy of the Winds and Sea, which having long toſſed their Veſſel, caſt it at length ſhattered and weatherbeaten upon the ſhoar; ſo that they who were ſtill alive, were not to be known, they looked ſo like dead Men.

Heart. What ſaid *Prejudice* to that?

Reflection. I forgot to tell you, that in the height of the Storm, a guſt of Wind carried her over-board, and ſhe periſhed in the Sea, to the great content of all: Inſomuch that ſhe hath not been lamented by any.

Heart. That's the fate of bad Favourites, who are not ſo much as pitied by thoſe whom they have obliged; *Reaſon* ought to be very well ſatisfied, in that ſhe is at the ſame time delivered of an unworthy Favourite, and Cured of the malady of *Phyſicians.*

Reflection. The pleaſure of a paſt danger is only ſweet to thoſe, who are no more in fear of falling into another. All *Reaſons* care at preſent is, how to find

find means of giving vigour to a decayed *Body*, and of recovering *Health* at any rate.

Heart. Probably, she is in discourse with the *Stomack*, since neither of them have come to our conference.

Reflection It may be so. However tell me I pray you, what you think of this change.

Heart. Seeing, we are in my opinion, more obliged to you than to *Reason*, for the resolution she hath taken, it's you whom we ought chiefly to thank for it; but since they who most deserve praises, desire least to hear them, I shall only tell you, that our Counsels tend to nothing else, but to beseech *Reason* that she would preserve the *Body* from sickness, and the *Mind* from trouble and anxiety.

Reflection. What must be done for compassing of that? for you have cut out a great deal of work in a very few words.

Heart.

Heart. Let her try all ways to reconcile us perfectly to *Nature*; engage her to restore us to *Health*, and suffer us to enjoy it so long as we live; for we do not live, if we be not well: For that end, let us by the mediation of *Patience* and *Sobriety*, begin to Sacrifice to her that excess of flesh and fat, wherewith the parts of the *Body* are overcharged, accompanying these Sacrifices with some § libations; lest the fire should with what is superfluous, consume also what is necessary.

Reflection. What must *Reason*, in the mean time, do for seconding of *Nature*?

Heart. Let her give orders that we be treated like Children, I mean, that we be fed with Bread, Milk, Fruit, and all that *Nature* produces of her own dressing, or that Art prepares without much labour and pain: Imposing a Law

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§ *Liquors poured out to the Honour of the Gods in Sacrifices.*

upon

upon us to uſe them moderately, but with intention ſtill, to allow us afterward ſtronger and more nouriſhing Food, if need require.

Reflection. I doubt not but that is a good way of living, eſpecially when we have recovered our *Health*; for I am convinced, that a regular Diet, with a conſtant and uniform way of Living, is the beſt means to ſettle our *Health*, and avoid Diſeaſes.

Heart. How? Suppoſe in ſickneſs, *Nature* ſeemed to preſs you with an earneſt inclination, to commit ſome little exceſs, would not ye hearken to her and ſatisfie her?

Reflection. Although theſe longings muſt be ſometimes hearkened to and gratified, yet we ſhould not give way to them ſo much, as not to be always upon our Guard, and uſe a great deal of circumſpection; for *Nature* being ſolicitous for our relief, puts us inceſſantly upon the execution of what ſhe ſuggeſts to us, truſting to our own diſcretion, as to the moderation that is to be obſerved, and

and the uſe that we ought to make of her motions.

Reaſon. Nothing can be better ſaid; I agree wholly in opinion with *Reflection* and the *Heart*, and am reſolved ſo to confide in their conduct, that I will apply my ſelf entirely to the functions of the *Mind*: And therefore I'll only make uſe of *Sight* and *Hearing*, and leave it to the *Heart* to do as he thinks fit with the *Taſte* and *Smell*, for the ſervice of the *Body*.

Reflection. If you behave your ſelf ſo, it will be ſaid that you paſs from one weakneſs to another; you have not forgot ſure, that *Reaſon* hath not been given to the *Body* only to do what pleaſes it ſelf, but to ſerve for a counterpoiſe to that? though at preſent it ſeems to you to be in an even Ballance, yet how can it reſiſt the continual temptations to which it is expoſed, if you watch not conſtantly over its conduct.

Heart. To this you may add, that if *Reaſon* take no other care but to ſtudy and

and exercise the *Mind*, the *Body* in a trice will languish and decay.

Reflection. This obliges me to tell you, that ye ought to act alltogether in consort; carefully to study *Nature*, and confine your pleasure to a submission to her Laws. Let not *Reason* then, be any more seduced as to that particular, by those who 'll come and tattle News to her, as if they were better informed than she: They are fawning flatterers, who endeavour to tickle the *Ear*, that they may become Masters of the *Heart*, let her above all things call to mind that *Health* is free and independant; and that ye ought to use your utmost endeavours, to maintain it in those priviledges, when once ye enjoy it.

Reason. How blind was I, when I imagined that *Reflection* took pleasure to mingle sower with our sweet; that we could not be happy when we listned to her, and that to follow her Counsels was to be her Martyr? How do I regrate my folly, in that I have so long acquiesced to what an ill-grounded *Prejudice* suggested to me in favour of Surfetting and

Physick.

For repairing of all these abuses, and for extinguishing that misunderstanding that hath but too long Reigned among us, let us, I beseech you, be more closely linked together, for our own satisfaction, than we are by the bonds of *Nature*, for our Interests. Seeing we have but one *Heart* and one *Mouth*, let us have also but one will and one desire, that we may never be heard nor seen any more, but alltogether in a *Body*. The better to perswade you to this, I am resolved that as often as *Sleep* shall seize the *Eyes*, and Dreams the *Head*, I will retire into the *Heart*, whilst all the *Body* but he takes their rest, to the end I may remedy the alterations and discomposures of the *Body*, which happen during the day.

Reflection. That's a thought and resolution worthy your self, by that means you'l cut off all these disputes, which from time to time arise about the preeminence of the *Heart* or *Brain*; and under the cover of *Sleep* you will in that new place, make good use of the leisure it bestows upon you.

Reason.

Reason. I tell ye once more, I'll allot the Night to all that concerns the inside of the *Body*, and employ the day about the matters without. I hope the *Heart* will not disapprove this regulation?

Heart. I approve and consent to all, but I dy.

Reflection. What makes the *Heart* to Sigh so, whence proceed those long gapings and yawnings?

Heart. The reason is, because some angry Spirits stir within me, and the advices that are brought me from the Regions of the *Liver* and *Spleen*, assure me that others of the same temper kindle combustions in all parts; and seeing they have made the *Diaphragm* also to rise, I can expect nothing but Death.

Reason. Alas! we are undone, the *Heart* is without motion.

Reflection. I know the cause of that disorder, it's no more but the remains of an old quarrel against *Sobriety*: Let

us not be Allarmed at it, all will do well. Though these mutineers should pursue their rage even to a fainting of the *Heart*, we must not be startled at it; in all great changes we are ever to expect some small mortification, before things be set to rights.

Stomack. If I may have my will, none can calm that Storm sooner than my self. I have just now received a supply sufficient to quell and subdue all these mutineers, who have a design to mount to the *Head*, under the conduct of *Restlessness*, to hinder *Sleep* from entring the place.

Reason. I know the Commander of that Party, he is a *Debauchee*, whom *Prejudice* and *Intemperance* have introduced amongst us, and who is the cause of most of our troubles. At first he is agreeable to Youth, who love mirth and pleasure; but it is dangerous to suffer him to usurp too much Authority, because his Ambition thirsts after every thing, and if the *Stomack* can fairly rid us of him, it will be no inconsiderable service.

Stomack.

Stomack. The buſineſs is done, the heat of theſe Spirits relents, and *Sleep* that advances apace will quickly reduce them to *Reaſon*, that it may entertain you with a diverſion, equivalent to all the pleaſures that are to be deſired in Life. Let it but be repreſented in Comedy, and that's enough to raviſh you with admiration.

Reflection. I know what the matter is, I have been juſt now told it: And you may give *Reaſon* a little hint of it, ſince ſhe is not to be preſent at the Play.

Stomack. My *Memory* hath given the argument to *Fancy*, which will have the Play to be acted by the Company of *Dreams*: If we'l believe the *Imagination*, ſhe never Invented ſo ſurprizing Scenes and Machines before, and all with deſign to Repreſent our perfect and happy Reconciliation. Let *Reaſon* then, if ſhe pleaſe, that ſhe may not diſturb the Play, deſcend into the *Heart*, to the end that the *Senſes* being excuſed from acting abroad in her ſervice, *Silence* and *Tranquility* may favour the deſign.

Reaſon. Along dear *Reflection*; let's go and take up our Quarters in the *Heart*, let us, in the mean time, give way to the *Imagination* and *Dreams* to delight the publick, and let us leave the conduct of their *Eyes* to *Fancy*. When the Galley hath Row'd all Day long, it's but reaſonable the Slaves ſhould take their reſt in the Night, if one would have them tug at the Oar, and do their duty next day.

Reflection. I like the thought of letting the Slaves take Breath, and ſuffering *Sleep* and *Dreams* to ſweeten their pains, I likewiſe commend you for giving the *Imagination* liberty to do what ſhe pleaſes; ſhe has been long in poſſeſſion of the right of Baniſhing *Judgment* out of the Dominion of *Dreams*: And indeed, there is nothing more inconſiſtent than *Judgment* and *Dreams*.

Heart. What need all this talk? what are we concerned, let them do what they will, provided *Sleep* allay our evils, and confirm our re-union? The *Stomach* promiſes

promiſes us, that; he knows how far *Sleep* is engaged to reſtore the *Body* to *Health*, and ſince *Morpheus* is already upon our *Eye-lids*, let him do his duty: It is no ſmall affair to give us *Health*. Let us quietly expect the effect of theſe promiſes. The ſecret of our Medicine is, to put the *Patient* in the ſame ſtate he was in before he was ſick.

Reflection. Be it known to all the Inhabitants of the little world, that they inſtantly ſubmit to the Laws of *Sleep*; to the end, that next Morning they may be all in a condition to return to the diverſion of their ordinary employments, and ſo to continue, untill the Muſes come in the Evening, and mingle their conſort with the pleaſures and liberty of a civil and ſober Entertainment.

Tenth Dialogue.

Sleep *renders* Health *to the* Body.

Sleep. *Health.*

Sleep. WHat desire soever I have to acquaint you of what passes, yet you should still be in the Company of *Dreams*, if the urgent and reiterated Orders of *Reason* and the *Heart*, had not forced me to call you from these diversions, and to propose to you in their name, something that's more solid.

Health. Why do you listen to that ambitious couple? if you do but in the least comply with their judgment, they'l disturb the quiet of our retreat, and banish you, as they have done formerly, out of the extent of your own Dominion. You know when that happens, that

that I can have no pleaſure in ſtaying here without you.

Sleep. But if there be an indiſpenſable neceſſity of liſtning to the ſentiments of *Reaſon*, and following the motions of the *Heart*; how can one refuſe to anſwer them?

Health. Well then, if they muſt be anſwered, let us plainly tell them, that ſince we pretend not to the Honours and Glory which they ſo fondly poſſeſs, we pray them not to diſturb the innocent Pleaſures which we enjoy: For it is no leſs the happineſs of Life to ſlight what one has not, than to know the right uſe of what one enjoys. Alas! could one be more happy than I was without them, when you began to ſpeak to me in their name?

Sleep. Without doubt you were wholly taken up in Dreams; what pleaſant piece, pray, did they repreſent to ye?

Health. It's very true, I thought my ſelf to be an *Amazon* Queen, who returned Victorious from her Enemies; but

juſt as I was about to enter in Triumph, amidſt ſhouts and acclamations, unto a Palace of Rubies hanging in the Air, and gently moved by the Wind, I was ſeized with fear; and though I was encompaſſed with Mirth, Muſick and Dancing, yet nothing but *Sleep* could re-aſſure me. That you may know what kind of pleaſure it was, I thought that I Cloathed you in my Garments, and that at the ſame time we were cloſely linked together by Chains and Flowers. Now though I was exceedingly delighted at this, yet for all that it broke my Dream. What dye imagine to be the ſignification of it?

Sleep. That's eaſily interpreted. The *Amazon* is *Health*, the Enemies of whom ſhe Triumphed, are *Phyſicians* and *Intemperance*. The Palace of Rubies moved by the Winds, is the *Heart*, where *Reaſon* would have me carry you, and the Chains that bound us ſo faſt together, are our embraces at parting.

Health. Nay, now I perceive you are fonder of *Reaſon*, than ſhe was of her Favourite; and I foreſee that it will be none of your fault, if both of us renounce

nounce not our Independance, and wholly submit to our pleasure.

Sleep. Not so neither, I'm only solicitous to inform you, what share you are to have in that reconciliation, and to put you in possession of it.

Health. I believe I know as much of that as you do: Be ruled by me, let us let *Reason* and the *Heart* alone to torment themselves as much as they please, in finding out measures to repair the disorders of their dissentions, and let us take our rest.

Sleep. That would do well enough, if without you they could put in execution, what they are resolving betwixt themselves. They are so convinced of the necessity of having you, that they cease not to send me one Courier at the heels of another, praying me to restore *Health* to the *Body.* Will ye refuse me the satisfaction of conducting you to the *Heart*, and of seeing you triumph there, as you do in all other places where you take delight?

Health. Why ſhould I any more appear in thoſe places where I have received ſo bad uſage? have you forgot, that if it had not been for your Protection, I had been long agoe out of the World? why then will you undo, what you have ſo kindly preſerved?

Sleep. No, I wo'nt undo you, nor ſo much as expoſe you to the leaſt danger: We are not now, about to conduct you to the *Heart* as heretofore, accompanied with the ſparks of Youth, which might, in effect, cauſe your deſtruction, or at leaſt diſturb your tranquility: You are expected there, without oſtentation and magnificence, we are only to acquaint you that *Reaſon* is no longer *Prejudiced* againſt you, and to give you all manner of aſſurance that ſhe'll determine nothing concerning you for the future, till firſt ſhe have conſulted *Reflection* and the *Heart* about it.

Health But if ſhe conſult not you alſo, I ſhall be in no leſs danger. No, I wont part from you; I cannot be ſecure without you. Why have you ſo many Charms?

Charms? Why does one *taſte* ſo many pleaſures in your Company? Having accuſtomed me to a ſtill and ſolitary Life, would you now again Embark me in trouble and confuſion?

Sleep. You have no cauſe any more to apprehend theſe agitations; they have ſeparated pain from them, and left you only the pleaſure: Nay, and if that pleaſure work in you but the leaſt diſguſt, give me but a wink, and I ſhall preſently come flying to your aſſiſtance: And though nothing ſhould happen that may put you out of humour, my tender care of you ſhall not ſuffer me to delay till Night, the paying of you a viſit; I'll come and ſteal ſome moments for you even in the midd'e of the day: If the Feaſting and Plays that they are prepairing for your Entertainment, hinder me not from approaching you.

Health. The preparations you ſpeak of, inſtead of obſtructing your deſign, will facilitate the means of your putting it in execution. I ſhall even prevent them, if I can, for I have no pleaſure but in your Company, and eſpecially at that time.

time of Day, *Physicians* may say what they will.

Sleep. You are then resolved to grant *Reason* what she desires of you?

Health. When *Reason* formed the design of alluring me to the *Heart*, it ought to have been represented to her how changeable and fickle he is How that after the first congress he'll take no more notice of me. The truth is, he passionately desires what he wants, and sets no value upon what he enjoys. In a word, he is in all things so much upon extreams, that what he'll do to chear me, will only serve to alter, and perhaps to undo me.

Sleep. That diffidence will *Vanish*, when I have told you what hath been done as to that, for your security and Glory.

Health. I desire to know no more; well since you will deliver me up to the *Heart*, I condescend. Only tell me how I can be able to bear the grief of our parting.

Sleep.

Sleep. Could I, as well as you, appear abroad in the day time, we ſhould be inſeparable, but being deſtin'd to be ſometimes aſunder, do'nt fear that a few hours abſence can have any bad influence upon ſo ſtrict a friendſhip as ours. Conſider that it would be a ſhame for us to mind only our own repoſe and pleaſure; that's a thought not to be pardoned but in a fooliſh Love. What trouble ſoever then, our ſeparation may cauſe us, let us ſupport it conſtantly; and let us do ſo much good to all, that all may love us as much as we do one another.

Health. Well to compleat what you have begun, let's go to the *Heart*.

Sleep. You do me a ſingular kindneſs, but let me tell you, that in the reconciliation that *Reaſon* hath juſt now made with all the parts of the *Body*, it hath among other things, been agreed upon: That ſo ſoon as *Sleep* ſhall ſeize the *Eyelids*, *Reaſon* ſhall leave the *Head* and deſcend into the *Heart*, there to labour in concert with him, about what concerns

cerns the Domeſtick and internal affairs of the Kingdom.

Health. hy hath ſhe choſen that time and place?

Sleep. Becauſe the Night gives Council, and all that is done in the *Heart* is kept more ſecret than what is acted elſewhere.

Health. That ought to bring down the pride of the *Brain*, who bragg'd that he alone had the Honour of being the Seat of *Reaſon*.

Sleep. Ay, and it ought to vex him ſomewhat more, that they talk of treating of nothing in his Apartment, but of Foreign Affairs: But, what ſolely concerns you, ſo ſoon as *Vigilance* hath guided *Reaſon* from the *Heart* to the *Head*, *Gladneſs* is to put you in poſſeſſion of the *Heart*, where joyning your Talents together, you'll have liberty to make your ſelf deſired and cheriſhed of all.

Health.

Health. Notwithſtanding that I have wholly reſigned my ſelf to your will, give me leave to tell you once for all, that I cannot conceive how you can love me, and yet beſtow me upon another?

Sleep. I have ſaid nothing of giving you to another; that word would wound our friendſhip: I have only engaged my ſelf to leave you in the *Heart*, ſo long as *Reaſon* ſhall be in the *Head*: For when *Reaſon* deſcends from the *Head* into the *Heart*, my deſign is to bring you thence; and not to leave you, ſo long as ſhe is there. Conſider what pleaſure we are like to have, in diſcourſing at leiſure of our impatiencies and diſquiets: What felicity in viſiting the Bounds of our Empire, in ſcattering our favours in all places, giving to thoſe you have a kindneſs for, full Brimmers of *Sleep*, which drives wearineſs out of the Travellers Foot, and out of the Tradeſmans Hand: Which ſtrips the *Heart* of his Paſſions, and the *Mind* of its moſt cutting cares. When I endeavour to aſſwage the ſharpneſs of pains, you ſhall pour a healing Balſam upon the

the moſt deſperate Wounds: And whilſt I releaſe Slaves from their Chains, you ſhall give them vigour to carry them when they awake. In fine, if there be any thing wanting to thoſe whoſe troubles and miſeries we would ſweeten; we ſhall order Dreams to afford by Night, what their adverſe Fortune denys them by Day.

Health. So that leaving every where tokens of our beneficent inclination, we cannot be upbraided, that any are ſick and unfortunate in our Empire: Since they ſhall never ſuffer, ſo long as they are under our juriſdiction. But that I may fully underſtand all theſe regulations, inform me what *Reaſon* is doing with the *Heart*.

Sleep. They are making no new Laws, but are reviving thoſe which were in a manner extinct; they have already enacted that if the *Health* be in the leaſt out of order, the *Stomack* ſhall demand nothing; that all the parts of the *Body* ſhall liſten carefully to hear what the Voice of *Nature* preſcribes; and whilſt they wait for her ſuggeſtions, the parts that

that are overcharged, may eaſe themſelves.

Health. Now that it is day, and the Sun is going to appear, what does *Reaſon* do to prepare for her depart.

Sleep. She ſollicites the Spirits that are diſperſed over the *Body*, to betake themſelves to their duty, and with pleaſure conſiders how buſie they are to fill the *Organs* of the *Senſes*, and all the *Faculties* of the *Body*, to perform their functions: Juſt as a General delights to ſee, how at the firſt ſign given, his Well-Diſciplined Souldiers run from all parts to their Arms, and draw up under their Colours, ready to fall on at the leaſt Signal.

Health. When all theſe Spirits are drawn up in Rank and File, as they ought to be, what does *Reaſon* then do?

Sleep. She leaves the *Heart*, attended with the Virtues and an infinite number of Spirits, judgment uſhering the way; juſt ſo, as in the Spring, we ſee a ſwarm of young Bees fly confuſedly about their new Queen.

Health.

Health. You give me the deſcription of a very Charming Court.

Sleep. That's not all, *Reaſon* entering the *Head*, finds preſently all the *Idea's* which are the Inhabitants of that Empire, Ranked and Drawn up, as *Reflection* thinks fit to Command; and as exactly as ſuch an innumerable Multitude, with ſo vaſt a Train, can allow of in ſo ſmall a Plot of Ground as the *Memory* is.

Health. You fill me with curioſity.

Sleep. All theſe *Idea's* march in little *Bodies*, like the cluſter of a ſwarm of Bees. Each little *Body* conſiſts of *Idea's* of the ſame kind, or near to it, and all-together muſter in the Air in form of a Rainbow, which yields the loveliest Proſpect in the World. As all theſe *Idea's* are overjoyed to ſee their Queen, ſo they ſtrive to get to the outſide of their Companies, and the motions they make for coming thither, makes a very pleaſant variety.

Health.

Health. Has it only been ſince *Reaſon* retired into the *Heart*, that ſhe is received in the *Head*, in the manner you tell me? for I was Baniſhed from thence ſo young, that all is News to me.

Sleep. It hath been ſo in all times.

Health. Whither went *Reaſon* then, whilſt the Dreams under your Goverment, poſſeſſed the *Head*, and diſpoſed of the *Body?*

Sleep. Opinions are divided as to that: Some thought ſhe ſlept; and others that ſhe left the *Body* to go viſit the Place of her Original; for my part, I am in a manner aſſured that ſhe ſhut her ſelf up in the underſtanding, that ſhe might have no hand in the diſorders which the Animal part, in conjunction of Dreams, ſometimes committed during the time of my Reign.

Health. Let's return I pray, to our *Idea's*; what do theſe little *Mirmidons* do, when they perceive their Soveraign?

Sleep.

Sleep. They make it their business to observe her, and according as she is melancholy or merry, they cloath themselves with joy or sadness, and that happens as often as *Reason* changes her countenance: So that more diligent Courtiers are no where to be seen.

Health. What does *Reason* do upon her Arrival?

Sleep. Sometimes she makes a review of her Troops, commonly she does but consider the new comers; but one thing, which I cannot very well express to ye, and which requires your best attention; scarcely is *Reason* seated in her Throne, environed with the Virtues, but they become all so resplendent, that it is difficult to behold their Luster.

Health. I very well conceive that the rays and light of the Mind, supply the place of the Sun in this little world, which being reflected upon that numerous Court, renders it so Majestick: But how does *Reason* act in ordinary Affairs?

Sleep.

Sleep. Whether *Reaſon* think within herſelf, or that ſhe make apparent abroad what is doing within at home, ſhe makes uſe of two Miniſters. The *Will* is one, which governs the Original of the *Nerves*, like one that plays upon the Virginals: And the other is *Memory*, which with unconceiveable ſwiftneſs moves the *Idea's* that are in little *Bodies*. This being ſuppoſed, when *Reaſon* acts, ſhe is to be conſidered as reciting a Leſſon of Muſick, whereof the *Will* and *Memory* make the parts: By that means, whatever *Reaſon* intimates, the part of the *Body* which hath the greateſt Relation to that *Thought*, is preſently acquainted with it by the *Will*, which touches its *Nerves*. And if there be any thing paſt that quadrats to that thought, the *Memory* preſents the *Idea's* of it, which the *Virtues* turn into all views, to ſet them off in their lively Colours. So that every one has a ſhare in the ſpectacle, and there is nothing better connected.

Health. But how can *Memory* bring forth an *Idea* that is confounded with a million of others?

Sleep.

Sleep. In the ſame manner as in an Army drawn up in Battalia, no Soldier anſwers, but he that is called, or his next Neighbour for him.

Health. You deſcribe to me a very ſingular Harmony.

Sleep. But a very juſt one too: For judgment which beats time, mark the determination of *Reaſon*, that are like the *Periods* of the *Cadence* in ordinary Muſick, to which the Organ of the Voice beneath from Time to Time makes anſwer, accompanied with the geſture of the Hands, and motion of the Eyes; all which together ſupply the place of the *Chorus*, in that kind of Natural *Opera.*

Health. That ſure requires a great deal of time.

Sleep. Not at all, the buſineſs is done in an inſtant, and all theſe motions are quicker than Light'ning.

Health.

Health. Are theſe things always performed with that exactneſs and promptitude you ſay?

Sleep. In ſuch a great conſort as this is, it can hardly be, but that there is ſomething many times out of Tune: Nay and ſometimes it all is falſe, even from *Reaſon* it ſelf to the Organ of the Voice; but when the evil is of no long continuance, it paſſes but for ſome little claſhing, which great Courts are not Allarmed at, becauſe they are ſubject to them.

Health. But what when theſe jarrings continue?

Sleep. Then all is out of order, and the State in danger.

Health. What is the cauſe of theſe errours, and what courſe is taken to avoid them, and to ſtop the Progreſs?

Sleep. Such great diſorders never happen, but when *Reaſon* is drawn away by the violence of ſome predominant Paſſion,

Paſſion, which uſurping a ſhare in her Soveraign Authority, diſcompoſes the State, and puts it often in danger, which you have ſeen, ſo long as *Prejudice* was in favour.

Health. Why do not the *Virtues* ſtifle that diſorder in the Birth? for it is for that end alone that they are given to *Reaſon.*

Sleep. Is there any one that performs what is enjoyned him punctually? Though *Wiſdome* hold the *Virtues* linked together, to oblige them neither to riſe nor fall; it is hard however to be prevented, but that when ſome certain objects preſent, they will run Riot: And that's the *reaſon* that *Liberality* ſometimes breaks out into profuſion, and that *Frugality* ſo often borders upon *Covetouſneſs.*

Health. Who puts a ſtop then to theſe impetuous motions?

Sleep. The great *Virtues*, which have the power of correcting one another; *Prudence* moderates *Courage*; and *Reaſon* herſelf

herſelf takes Counſel from *Reflection*. Beſides *Modeſty* hath the Inſpection over all the *Virtues*, with power to lay an Arreſt upon thoſe that Trangreſs, delivering them up to Confuſion, which is a mercyleſs Jaylor, that expoſes them to ſhame under a Purple Veil, which amongſt the *Virtues* is a moſt ſevere Puniſhment.

Health. What courſe ought *Reaſon* to follow, that ſhe may not fall into ſuch perplexities.

Sleep. To remain indifferent, and rely only upon ſimplicity and ſincerity; to take truth for her guide, and never to look back; that ſhe may avoid the ghaſtly looks of Sorrow and Repentance. To ſpeak always with the *Heart* upon the *Lips*, *Integrity* attending both, as a ſurety that anſwers for all, and juſtifies the demeanour.

Health. I admire what you ſay, but cannot conceive who can have taught you ſo much?

Sleep. I am obliged to *Reflection* for this, whom I often aſſiſt in ordering the Acts of the Aſſemblies, whereof ſhe keeps the Records. And therefore I lodg with her, untill *Reaſon* appear, and take Poſſeſſion of the Head, with all the Train that I have juſt now deſcribed to you.

Health. If I take it, I think I ſee a crowd of Actors, filling the Scene of a ſtately Theater, and impatiently expecting the drawing up of the Cloth, that they may begin to Act.

Sleep. It's exactly ſo, for ſo ſoon as the Eye lifts up the Eye Lid, they begin to Act and Vaniſh.

Health. Though I believe all this to be literally true, yet I dare not brag of it; for what comes from you, paſſes commonly for raving amonſt people that are awake.

Sleep. Let them think what they pleaſe, what does that concern you? *Truth* needs no approvers; but in my turn,

turn, give me leave to tell you, that I cannot conceive neither, what can have moved you to have put ſo many queſtions to me; for I never took you to be very curious.

Health. Wonder not at that; for ſo long as you did not talk of parting from me, you were to me inſtead of all things; but now that you turn me over to others, I would not have it ſaid, that you had taught me nothing. The truth is, I am very ignorant; I love not that Learning which requires Study, and when I am not put to it, to defend my ſelf againſt *Intemperance* an *Phyſicians*, I mind nothing but chearfulneſs and pleaſure. It ſhall not be ſo for the future; I have a Thouſand Queſtions more to put to ye, concerning *Reaſon* and her Court, which I muſt be informed of.

Sleep. You may to day ſatisfie your deſire; I know you'l be call'd up, and *Reaſon* will enlarge in your Praiſes: Nay ſhe hath reſolved for your better Entertainment, to confute the *Phyſicians* before your face, that you may be revenged on them for all the miſchief they have done you.

Health. If their defeat be worth the while, we ſhall Triumph over them at Night; but do'nt you perceive that we are entering into a very hot and ſultry Air?

Sleep. That's becauſe we are hard by the *Heart*, nay I hear *Reaſon* ſpeaking to him; but ſeeing I am prohibited to enter there, let us ſtop hear a little, I pray you, and liſten to their diſcourſe.

The Sequel of a DIALOGUE betwixt Reaſon *and the* Heart.

Reaſon. THe truth is, we cannot be too ſenſible of the good office that *Sleep* has done us, in having protected *Health* at a time when I cruelly Perſecuted her by Feaſting and good Chear; and in that he is about to reſtore her to us, at preſent, when we want nothing

nothing but her Company to compleat our felicity, what can we do for *Sleep*, in acknowledgment for such a piece of good service?

Heart. As *Sleep* hath given a place of retreat to *Health*, during the irregularities of the *Body*, so let us propose it to *Health*, that she may do the like kindness to *Sleep*, when the *Body* flies it: As they love one another dearly, so I make no doubt but they will gladly embrace the offer.

Reason. If it be so, let's Marry them together, that so they may be inseparable.

Heart. That would be an admirable good Proposal, if the question were how to punish, and not how to reward them. Believe me, that is an insupportable Yoke: The Beautifullest Palace in the World, if we be confined to it, is a more dreadful Prison than a Dungeon, if the door be open. Love admits of no other constraint but what it imposes upon it self.

Reason. Well then! I give consent that Love may unite them by its

ſtrongeſt bonds, upon the conditions that *Sleep* and *Health* are willing themſelves to preſcribe. But if I may have my will, *Sleep* and *Health* ſhall be no more Two, but one and the ſame thing, which the *Body* is to Reverence under Two different Names.

Heart. That is to ſay, that in the day time they ſhall appear under the name of *Health*, and in that quality be reſpected, ſo long as the eyes are open: But from the moment that the eye-lids are ſhut, they ſhall be conſidered under no other notion but that of *Sleep*.

Reaſon. Manage that as you pleaſe, I am preſſed to be gone: I leave this door open to our Lovers, and will go out by the other; my preſence ſuits not always with thoſe who are deſperately in Love, and therefore I'll lay no conſtraint upon them. Receive them as you uſe to receive thoſe whom you reſpect moſt.

Health. This is the true Interpretation of my Dream, that I ſhould cover you with my Veil, that you may lack nothing on my part.

Sleep.

Sleep. Your Dream imports alſo that our Arms and Hands ſhould be the Bonds and Chains that render us inſeparable.

Health. Add for the compleating of our happineſs, that the *Heart* receiving us, hugs and unites us cloſer together, than all the Bonds and Ties of Love can do.

 Eleventh

Eleventh Dialogue.

All the parts of the Body are here supposed to be joyned together, under the Name of a Patient; *that is in conference with a* Physician, *who does not think him Cured.*

The Physician. The Patient.

Physician. WHat's this I see in that Close-stool? ha! what a deal of filth and corruption? I knew full well you should not escape me: I have caught you, at length, and now you are where I would have you.

Patient. And where I would too.

Physician. In troth you have reason, d'ye see that ferrugineous Orange-coloured stuff, which I touch with the Point of

of my Wand, it's the very ſubſtance of the *Veſicule* of the *Gall*; and theſe ſtreaks and lays of concocted black matter at the ſide of it, give us good aſſurance of the diſopilation of the *Spleen*; ye muſt needs find your ſelf much at eaſe?

Patient. And ſo I am.

Phyſician. And much refreſhed?

Patient. Sure enough.

Phyſician. Having turned over and over again that vaſt maſs of ſlimy, concocted, ſanguilent and glutinous matter, I find, that it's no wonder your *Reins* and *Bowels* were ſo overcharged; but now, thanks to good *Phyſick*, we are in the right way to a ſpeedy Cure; and three or four ſmall ſubſequent Potions diverſified according to the indications of time and of the Diſeaſe, will ſhow us the bottom of the Bag, and make us Maſters of the Tenacity of that Meſentery: Well, poor unhealthy Creature, what d'ye ſay to it? would you have all that filth, and thoſe Poyſons in your Body again?

Patient. No I'll ſwear, and that's the very reaſon why I never took it.

Phyſician. Did you not take the *Phyſick* which I order'd you laſt Night, to be taken this Morning?

Patient. No.

Phyſician. How no? what I ſee then is the effect of the Glyſter you took in the Evening, and of the Julep, when you went to Bed; for this laſt finding *Nature* moved by the former, might very well have expelled theſe laudable matters; in that caſe you did well to delay your Purge, though I find ſtill great plenitude in this lower Region.

Patient. Be ſatisfied, I have taken nothing at all, and all theſe Medicines, Glyſters, and Juleps, you ſpeak of, ſo ſoon as they came out of the Hands of the Apothecary, have been thrown into the Pan of that Cloſeſtool; it were to no purpoſe for me to tell you what effects they have wrought, ſince you your ſelf have told that ſo particularly.

Phyſician.

Physician. What do I hear? who can have so poisoned your mind, as to make you think of daring to disobey my directions?

Patient. Nay, ask me rather, who hath given me an Antidote against your Poysons; for I would have you know that for the future, I intend not to charge desperately through *Blood* and *Physick*, without I well know the cause and quarrel.

Physician. Ha! I begin to smell a Rat, there must be some Chymist, Empirick, and Mountebank in the case. Well, well, wee'l see what'll become on't in time, and when you have payed sufficiently for your experience, you'l be glad at your heart to have recourse to us, when these ignorant Rascals have brought you to the brink of the Grave.

Patient. They say as much of you, and not without Reason too; for there is nothing more certain, than that since the Colledg has been convinced that these pretended Empiricks have absolved those whom

whom ye condemned to Death, ye have gone to Law with them about it, and reſolved amongſt your ſelves no more to abandon your *Patients*, untill ye have cut and ſlaſhed, and as they ſay, given them an Hundred blows after they are dead; and what is cruelleſt of all, you put that charitable reſolution in execution.

Phyſician. How come you to be in this merry humour I pray? doubtleſs you have held your Noſe over the Books of ſome § falſe Brethren, who have been ſo baſe as to Publiſh in *Engliſh* ſome Secrets of our Art. But Patience, you have not got your ends yet: If I have any Intereſt, the Colledge ſhall invent a new Gibberidge, which no body ſhall be able to underſtand, and then we'll find ways to revenge our ſelves, and our Enemies never be the wiſer for it.

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§ *Medela Medicinæ.* Siduham's *firſt Book de Febribus, which condemns the Jeſuits Powder; with many others.*

Patient.

Patient. That 'll not do, unleſs ye add to that new way of Conjuring a Declaration, enjoyning all Men to make uſe of a Medicine that you alone can prepare and diſtribute. That ye may be ſurer alſo of your revenge, and at the ſame time, glut your Avarice, bring your Pharmacie in play: Inſomuch that no Medicines may be bought but from Apothecaries, who are to have a Board hanging at their ſhop doors, with this Inſcription in great Gold Letters.

THE
OFFICE
OF THE
COLLEDGE
OF
PHYSICIANS,
FOR
The Diſpenſation and Sale of all ſorts of Purgatives, Vomitives, Sudorificks, Diureticks, Anodines, *&c.*

Phyſician.

Physician. Courage! when Children cannot reach the Nuts, they throw ſtones at them. I deſire no more to put a ſtop to this tattle of yours, but a ſlight Cold, or the ſmalleſt fit of an Ague. Till that happen, Reform your Plea; if any other beſide my ſelf heard you, they'd Laugh at ye.

Pa. I doubt that; but if it did happen ſo, I ſhould pity thoſe that might be in the ſame errour I have been in. *Phyſicians* have made a fool of me ſo long, that I think, by turn, I may alſo Laugh a little at them. The diſcoveries and demonſtrations of the Cloſe-ſtool have pleaſed me exceedingly; and indeed, when I ſee a Dozen of you at conſultation together, I fancy I ſee ſo many blind Men throwing at a Cock.

Physician. Hold there, enough is enough; ſhould I leave you now to your reprobate ſenſe, what would become of you poor wretch, who know neither the quality of Aliments, nor the quantity that is convenient for you, nor the time when you ought to take them?

who

who foreſee, no more than a Beaſt, the Diſeaſes that threaten you: And being ignorant of the way of prevention, that might divert them, you would at every turn be expoſed to all kinds of Diſtempers, were it not for our provident care of you.

Patient. How dare you boaſt of prognoſticating the future, when you cannot tell what it is you ſee, touch, and ſmell? you had need ſpeak of prevention indeed, you who render it ſo often dangerous and mortal.

Phyſician. Enough is as good as a Feaſt, hold there, I ſay.

Patient. No, the leaſt Creature that is, knows more than you do, what belongs to precaution and feeding; for without any other advice than that of the Smell and Taſte, it avoids what is contrary to it, and ſticks to that which is good: Nay, ſuppoſe it may perchance eat more at one time than another, forbearing afterward its Food for ſome little time, ſets it to rights again.

Phyſician.

Physician. But what becomes of that Animal, if it fall sick? it dies like a Beast without any relief.

Patient. On the contrary, if it be any ways indisposed, it lies still, and forbearing (as I told you) to eat, commits it self to *Nature*, which not being thwarted by *Physicians*, nor interrupted by their *Physick*, Cures it without any sharp pains; and conducts it from youth to old age, free from any great infirmity.

Physician. I am glad to hear a Man Rank himself among the Beasts, and to submit his Reason to their instinct.

Patient. Not so neither; I do not think my self more skillful for the Preservation of my Bodily Health than Beasts are for the Preservation of theirs. If their reasoning be short, it is solid, and if ours be large, it is the more wavering. Whence I conclude, that if there be fewer Wheels and Movements in their Clock than in ours, it is the truer for that; and all our strikings and Allarms, our

ur Minutes and Seconds, with the Moon and Tide, ſerve only to put us the more out of order.

Phyſician. I confeſs the Wheels of your noddle are a little too much out of order; you muſt of neceſſity be let Blood, and that quickly too, in the Foot, and in the Arm ſucceſſively, without interruption.

Patient. Nay, ſince the matter requires ſo much haſte, you might have ſooner ſaid in all the four Limbs.

Phyſician. You Laugh, but it is no Laughing matter; nay, if Blooding you in the Arm and Foot be not enough, we'll Blood you in the Neck, in the Tongue, and all over, if we have a mind to it.

Patient. It is not ſaid without ground, that it's far better to do as *Phyſicians* do, than to do as they bid you do.

Phyſician. This Itch of tattling, ſhows a depravation of the Organ, and a great tendency to a ſudden Phrenſie. To prevent

vent this volubility of Tongue, a
ſwiftneſs of the Pulſe, we muſt proce
by ſpeedy and Specifick ways. Quick
then, go call the firſt Surgeon, war
ſome water, make ready bands, b
chiefly let us raiſe this Head, and appl
a Live Pidgeon to it with all its Feather
to fortify the weakneſs of the Brain.

Patient. If the laſt Remedy you ſpea
of be good, it's more proper for yo
than me: But it is ſtrange that yo
forbid others to make any noiſe abou
ſick people, and yet keep ſuch a ſtampin
with your Foot, and a bawling with you
Directions, which will not be obeyed
I am ſo weary of hearing you give you
Directions, and ſo ſick of obeying them
that I'll have my turn of ordering too.
Hold your Tongue then, I command
you; or I'll make you be quiet, for I am
Maſter here.

Phyſician. Hey day, here's ſawcineſs in-
deed! The World's turned topſie turvie.
Fire, fire, where ſhall's find enough o
Nenuphar water, and of the Salt o
Saturn to aſſiſt the Boyling and effer-
veſcence of a Blood and Choller, which
ſend out Fire and Flames into all parts.

Arides

Arides quickly, hey, to curb these *Alcalis*: And that we may joyn Topicks to internal Medicines, let a cooling bath of Frogs Spawn be forthwith made ready, but above all things let their be Calves and Lambs in readiness, for this will not be over without transfusion.

Patient. Can there be more extravagancy said in fewer words?

Physician. What a deal of Veal Broth, and Chicken Broth must pass through this Body? not to reckon the Emulsions, Apozems, and Soporificks, which go before the use of the juice of Chervil, and of Whey clarified with Fumetory.

Patient. If we'll believe one Sect of *Physicians*, all Diseases proceed from heat, and stand in need only of Blood letting and cooling Medicines. Consult an other sort, and they'll tell ye that the same Diseases are caused only by the extinction of the Spirits; and that, very far from Blood-letting, the Natural Heat is to be strengthned and increased. These Prescribe Wine, Cordials, Nourishing Food and open Air. Those again, at

first

first cut you short of your commo blash your Stomack with cold Liquor and thin Broths, and choak you up in close and stifling Air; as if outwar cooling were more dangerous than thos Drenches wherewith they inwardly chil the Body: What is to be done in such contrariety?

Physician. You confound the offensive with the defensive. A Conquerour cannot signalize himself without effusion of Blood.

Patient. The Question here is not of making Conquests. I pretend that every sick Person is upon the defensive, and that by consequent he ought to imitate the example of that great General * *qui cunctando restituit rem.* Besides, seeing Cold is the Symbol of Death, were it not better to quicken and encrease our Natural heat, than to diminish and extinguish it? at least, I find my self so

* *Who by delaying Re-established the Commonwealth.*

well

well with this Maxim, that I'll keep as I am.

Physician. In what condition then do you take your ſelf to be?

Patient. Nay I ask you that Queſtion?

Phyſician. How can I know if you do not tell me?

Patient. You do'nt know then ſo much as a Farrier, that Cures Horſes without making them tell him what they ayl.

Phyſician. Fy, Fy, are not you aſhamed to ſay ſuch mean things, I ſhould be madder than you, if I did take notice of that old impatience.

Patient. Leave thoſe ſlighting terms to your *Phyſicians*, from whom they have been borrowed. One ſhould never ſay *Fy, Fy*, but of *Phyſick*, and all that belongs to it.

Phyſician. Ha! ſpare your Quirks, I am not for idle quiddities, but ſolid Reaſons,

Reaſons. Tell me then ſeriouſly, if you can, you who talk ſo much of *Nature* and Sickneſs, what *Nature* and Sickneſs are: For I will ſo ſtop your Mouth, that you ſhall not have ſo much as a Pun or quibble to ſay.

Patient. It's a very eaſie matter to ſatisfie you, as thus. *Nature* and Sickneſs are the heads of two contrary Parties: You are for Sickneſs, and I for *Nature*: You fight for Death, and I for Life.

Phyſician. What do I take the part of Sickneſs, who make Medicine conſiſt in waging War againſt it.

Patient. Call you that to make War againſt Sickneſs, to pitch upon the time when *Nature* is engaged with it, to fall foul upon her, robbing her of her Blood when ſhe requires ſtrength, and giving her Poyſons to fight with, when ſhe is ready to ſuccumb under her Adverſary? to this you may add, that if in the heat of this War, *Nature* makes a Truce to take a little Breath; preſently you Cupp, Scarifie, Probe, Glyſter, and ſo alter the ſtate of Affairs, that Victory which enclined

nclined to *Nature*, turns to the other de, to Death.

Phyſician. And ye pretended Cham- ions of *Nature* what do ye do?

Patient. Seeing we have not the vanity o Impoſe any orders upon her, we do o more but ſend her the Aſſiſtance ſhe emands, and without puzling our ſelves o know if the Enemy be in the Blood or n the Humours, when we have well re- ruited *Nature*, we are certain that ſhe ll vercome the evil, becauſe no force but hat of *Nature* is able to ſubdue Diſeaſes.

Phyſician. Who doubts that? and herefore our whole intent is ſo to manage the ſtrength of the *Patient*, that we may gradually bring him to *Health* gain.

Patient. Nevertheleſs your practice is quite contrary. Are *Phyſicians* called in the beginning of a Sickneſs; they come prepoſſeſſed, that the Town is full of none but Enemies; and in that per- ſwaſion, as ſoon as they enter they Charge all they meet with, without

diſtin-

distinguishing the good from the bad, the innocent from the guilty. Seeing they propose to themselves is the clear evacuation of the place; when they have got their ends, they cry, The Town our own, imagining that it will be as eas for them to re-people it with new Colonies, as it was to drive out the old Inhabitants. But the Land of Churchyards rises in Judgment against the mortal practices.

Physician. I see you know not what mettal *Physicians* are made of, if you knew them better, you would not speak of them as you do.

Patient. I know them so well, that if you please, I'll give you a Character of them in two words.

Physician. Let's hear that.

Patient. They are Blades fee'd to entertain the Patient with cramp words and flim-flams, untill *Nature* Cures him, or *Physick* kill him.

Physician.

Physician. You are a fool in the highest degree, and nothing less than a Miracle can Cure you of your Phrensie.

Patient. I am not at all afraid of my Distemper; but I should have cause enough to be afraid of *Physicians*, were I fool enough to trust them any more: call then what you please, the condition I am in, I am not resolved to change it.

Physician. Keep in your fools Paradise. However tell me, why are ye so great an enemy to *Physicians*?

Patient. I'm an enemy only to their practice. I cannot endure that they should insolently impose upon credulous minds; and that under the veil of *Nature*, they should follow a rotten method, which makes them prescribe the same things in all Diseases, without respect to Sex, Age, Constitution, Climat, or Season; And that trusting to their Priviledge, and that the Law obliges them not to take out a Pardon under the Great

Seal, they kill all indifferently both Friends and Foe.

Physician. You think then we have no conscience.

Patient. Not so altogether; but it may be with your Consciences, as with the Dogs to whom your Anatomists cut the * recurvent Nerves to hinder them from Barking.

Physician. And so you conclude that the Faculties is like the § *Old Man of the Mountains and his Assassins*: I mean that she breeds her Sons, if not with design to dispatch all Men, yet at least with prospect of killing methodically all our *Patients.*

Patient. No I do not think you kill them deliberately and with design; no

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* *That's a very ordinary experement.*

§ *That is a story well known, and mentioned in the History of the Holy War.*

you

your ignorance is more to be blamed than your malice for such Murders; and we are perswaded that it is no fault of yours, if your *Patients* and their Infirmities be not immortal.

Physician. To hear you speak, a Body would think that *Physicians* never Cured any Man.

Patient. Nor are they, indeed cut out for curing the sick, but for comforting those who survive the dead.

Physician. Nevertheless, were I to engage in open War against the Hereticks of Medicine, such as you are, I should desire no other aid for overthrowing of them, than the assistance of those who owe their Life to my skill and labours.

Patient. In that case, I should look upon you to be so ill accompanied, that I would make Conscience of bringing a second with me; because the Laws of Honour do not allow two to fight against one.

Physician. If all were of your mind, I perceive, we should be once more banished the Commonwealth.

Patient. That would not be now to be done, if at present Men desired, as they they did, to have Families numerous in Children; but seeing now adays they are thought most happy who have none at all, and that ye contribute much to the attaining to that felicity; ye are looked upon as a necessary evil; nay it is the present mode too, that every one dy after your way. And to compleat your good Fortune, the Dead who ought to call you to an account, are not revenge full; and the Widow and Heir who eye the Estate more than revenge, let you live in peace.

Physician. And so at one clap we are both accused and Sentenced, and may the next step be hanged up too, if any Body will be at the charge of it. But have you forgot that golden Sentence * *Honora medicum propter necessitatem.*

* *Honour the Physican for necesity sake.*

Patient

Patient. No I ha'nt; and for proof of that, *Honour the Phyſician* in *Greek*, ſignifies *pay him his Fee*, which I never failed to do, that I might confirm you in your Aphoriſm, § *Dat Galenus Opes*. But have not you likewiſe obſerved in the ſame place were you had your Golden Sentence, that the Lord having promiſed long Life to thoſe whom he Loves, adds that to be avenged on him that offends, he will make him fall into the hands of *Phyſicians*?

Phyſician. Sure enough, to the end the *Phyſician* may render him good for evil.

Patient. However, if you'l believe a great (1) Commentatour upon the paſſage, he'll make it out to ye, that a ſickneſs is like a criminel procaſs; that the *Patient* on that occaſion is the Priſoner,

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§ Galen *gives Riches.*

(1) *Corn. a Lapide, Eccleſiaſticus c.* 38. 15.

the Instruments of Chirurgery, and the Potions of the Apothecary, the Engines of the Rack and Torture; the Lord, the Judge, and the *Physician*, the Executioner.

Physician. These *Doctors* fancy that the Books which they comment, are like the Ringing of Bells; and it's an old saying ye know, *As the Fool thinks, the Bell clinks.*

Patient. To justify these Authors, I could load you with an infinite number of uncontroverted instances, but I shall content my self with these Two Verses.

(2) *Carnificum periere manu Rex Anglus & Uxor,*
Sustulit hunc Cromwel, sustulit hanc Medicus.

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(2) *The King and Queen of* ENGLAND *died by the hands of the Executioners.* Cromwel *put him to Death, and the* Physicians *her.*

Physician.

Physician. These Citations suit very well with your temper; *Physicians* are certainly much to be pitied! what Miracles soever they may work, they still procure more blame than praise, so unjust and unthinkful is Man naturally. Does any one fall sick? we are sent for in all haste, and received in Triumph. Is the Party Cured? they send us back, and avoid our Company as if we were miserable wretches; and many times cheat us of our Fees. So that having in the beginning of the Sickness reverenced us like Demi-Gods, in the Recovery from it, they look upon us as Devils.

Patient. I am not of the mind that ye are so much to be pitied as you pretend. On the contrary, I know no Profession more happy than that of *Physicians*. Is any killed by them? the Earth presently Buries their Crime; does *Nature* save a *Patient* out of their hands? they claim the Honour of it; and the Sun illustrates their pretended Victory.

Physician. Oh, injustice! can we Cure all the World? are Men immortal? are there not incurable Diseases, sudden Deaths, where we cannot come in time, and far less foresee them? what shall I say, **Contra vim mortis non est Medicamen in hortis.*

Patient. It's your negligence and not the Disease that's incurable; had you throughly studied the Ancients and Modern, who have searched *Nature*, to her very Center, you might have preserved those in *Health*, whom you have deprived of Life; but ye are so headstrong and opinionative, that ye had rather dy, than suffer the use of a Medicine, which *Hippocrates* and *Gallen* have not recommended to practice.

Physician. These searchers of *Nature* are silly blockheads. Not one of these Bellows-blowers but has a Million in his head for a Penny in his Purse. They never see a *Patient*, but that they imagine

* *The Gardens afford no Remedy against the power of Death.*

his

his Body to be a Furnace; his *Heart* a Crucible, his Blood and Humours, Sulphur and Mercury; and making uſe on all occaſions of the Lungs for Bellows; they pretend by the force of bubble, and that to perſwade you, that there is nothing more eaſie to be found than the *Philoſophers Stone*; and if you will not believe them, they deſire a Crown of you to buy Bread. I am ſo tired out with their impertinences and your follies, that I'll hear no more. Beſides my other *Patients* want the time that I looſe here. Eſpecially I am concerned for the hungry Convaleſcents, whoſe greedy Appetite may ſerve us an ugly trick. Relapſes are worſe than the firſt evil

Patient. Never vex your ſelf upon that account, your *Patients* ſuffer leſs in your abſence, then when you make them loll out a Foot of Tongue, and ſqueze and preſs their hypochondres. As for your Convaleſcents, you'll be with them ſoon enough, to aſſure them, as moſt important News, that they ſhall have the *little* Chicken Broath, which you promiſed them laſt Night for Dinner; to which you'll add as a ſingular favour, the

ſucking and chewing the *little* bones of the Boiled Chicken and Veal. And as a tranſcendent kindneſs, they ſhall have for deſert, the half of a *little* roaſted Apple, or a *little* of the liquor of ſtewed Prunes, with a *little* piece of Biſket. All this delivered in a coaxing tone, and with a ſmirkling Mouth, which is not to be endured but in a Nurſe that looks bonny upon her Babe, when ſhe has a mind to play and fool with it.

Phyſician. I would willingly know of you who pretend to ſo great skill, what you would Preſcribe to one upon a Recovery from a ſickneſs?

Patient. To eat while he is a hungry, and to drink while he is a dry, of what he has moſt mind to, allowing him for company at Table *Taſte*, *Appetite*, nay and the *Fever* it ſelf.

Phyſician. A fair way to diſpatch more, than we kill according to your own reckoning.

Patient. Pardon me there: For I would not keep a ſick Perſon in a ſhip during

during the whole courſe of his ſickneſs, ſeeing I'de give him leave to eat and drink, he would not fall into that canine hunger, which devours your Convaleſcents, and if by chance, he committed ſome little exceſs, it would be an eaſie matter to make amends for it by *Patience*, Experience, and Abſtinence.

Phyſician. Ho, ho, do ye ſpeak of *Patience* and *Abſtinence*, that is * *Secretum non Revelandum.*

Patient. And why is not that Secret to be revealed, if it be good? Be ruled by me, ſhut up your *Phyſick* Schools, or modell your Faculty after a Parliamentary manner; let it have an upper houſe to puniſh the Rich Nobles, who have eat but too much, when they were well, with hunger and faſting; and a lower houſe appointed for the inferiour people, to oblige them to eat and drink of what is good; making the Rich Mans Ordinary, the Poor Mans *Phyſician*; and the Labour and Abſtinence of

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* *A Secret not to be revealed.*

the

the Poor, the Rich Mans rule of Diet: That's the only way to work good Cures, and to regain your Reputation.

Physician. We are not to be adviſed what to do by ſuch an empty skull as thine. Conſider a little, that you cannot be without us; and that if you do not inſtantly make me ſatisfaction, I'll have an Action of *Scandalum* againſt you.

Patient. Of what uſe d'ye take your ſelves to be to a ſick Perſon? you are juſt to him what a Paſs-port is to a Merchant Travelling upon the Frontiers of an Enimies Country; if he meet with no body, his Paſs-port is of no uſe to him, and if he fall upon a Party of the Enemy, truſting to his Paſs-port, he runs headlong into the Ambuſh, and is killed, before ever he be asked *who comes there.* In the mean time they come off with, *it's pity he's Dead*, but his Paſs-port was ſuperanuated, and he ought not to have truſted to it raſhly, as he did.

Physician. And what d'ye conclude from this extravagancy.

Patient.

Patient. That *Phyſicians* are like Rails on Bridges, which are uſeleſs to Paſſengers, who have the wit to keep from the ſides.

Phyſician. There is no end of your inſulting calumnies. However your Frenſie hath ſuch ſingular Symptoms, that I'll obſerve it to the end, that I may be able to entertain the Publick with an Idea of perfect folly.

Patient. I ſhould willingly alſo make a Collection of the Impertinences of the Colledge; if Tyranny went not ſo far as to force thoſe who in their Writings ſpeak of *Phyſick*, to bear the marks of the Faculty.

Phyſician. Could it do leſs for putting a ſtop to the inſolence of thoſe who Publiſh, that we do no more but let Blood, Purge and give Glyſters.

Patient. Yet for all your defences, you are daily expoſed on the Stage with the Habit, Look, Tone, and Gate, which ye affect moſt.

Phyſician.

Phyſician. What you ſay of the Stage, we'll give for a Song; we our ſelves have furniſhed the matter; and though you ſhould publiſh all that you have ſaid, it would no more move us than the jangling of Bells. Nothing but Truth gives offence, Invectives and Satyrs cannot annoy Learning and Wiſdom: *Farewell.* We muſt do good for evil, I am going to prepare for you, an *Elixer* of the *five Hellebores*, with *Agarick*; and all to put a ſtop to the Diſtemper of that rackt *Brain.* If that opperate not what I expect from it, I'll go hire you a Lodging in *Bedlam*, for I pity your condition.

Patient. Keep your *Hellebores* and *Bedlams* for thoſe that truſt in you: You know that *Phyſick* is Mortal to a *Body* that is in *Health*, and though I were as much diſturbed, as you would have me to be, the beſt Remedy ſtill would be Reſt. I order it then, and I'll take it. As for you, it is my advice, that you would renounce the Art you profeſs; becauſe it is not lawfull to follow a Trade that one underſtands not, and give your ſelf wholly to the ſtudy

ſtudy of *Nature*; that's a better Advice than I ever had from you. However I am obliged to you for your Compaſſion; for it's a rare thing to be pitied by a *Phyſician*. Adieu. If you come in my way again you ſhall not eſcape ſo well.

Twelfth

Twelfth Dialogue.

The Physician *spoken of in the foregoing Dialogue, having been long in search of* Nature, *at length finds her among* Savages, *he speaks to her, and submits to her Laws.*

The Savage. The Physician. Nature.

Savage. AS I take it, that which you call *Nature*, is the same that we call *The Soul of the World*. But if you have rambled and wandered long without finding her, that's nothing to me; because I am sometimes admitted into her presence, must I therefore have power to make her do what you would? you have desired me to guide you into those places where we use to speak with her, and consult her; and there we are: If *Nature* have an aversion either to your Person

Perſon or Profeſſion, can I force her to anſwer you ?

Phyſician. No. But if perchance my Profeſſion diſpleaſe her, which I do not believe, I am willing to lay it aſide. Take, there's my Gown, Cap, and Diploma of Doctor, wherein conſiſt all my Learning, Dignity, and Eſtate; I make a voluntary Sacrifice of them to her, and ſhall think to have got by the bargain, if ſhe'll vouchſafe to ſpeak to me, after that ſhe hath Triumphed over my Trophies.

Savage. Lord! how light and ſuperficial is this pompious Attire that rendred you ſo venerable. Men are very ſhort ſighted, that cannot perceive through this outſide of Fur and Scarlet, the emptineſs that's underneath.

Phyſician. Such as theſe Trophies are, I freely part from them, and joyfully Dedicate them to *Nature*; having done ſo, I can ſee no reaſon why ſhe ſhould not comply with my deſire; for we are not ſo empty and unprofitable as you would have us to be, we are courted by the

the greateſt Kings, and at every turn give them our advice.

Savage. Like enough; but by your diſcourſe, I find that the firſt thing I have to do, is to give you a prick with a pin in the Head, to let out the preſumption and vanity that it is full of. Stand faſt.

Phſician. Ouf. Ye hurt me.

Savage. Hark, how violently the Wind come out! obſerve how the Air is darkened with the vapours that exhale from you: Keep off your hand till all theſe malignant blaſts be out.

Phyſician. Alas! I am all in a ſurprize. I thought I had a head, and I find it is but a Bladder. Stop the orifice, I pray you, leaſt I ſhould turn all into Smoak.

Savage. No, I ſhall not do ſo, would you be like moſt Men that carry puff-paſte for Heads?

Phiſician. By no means. Indeed I did not perceive that I ſtood in need of that Opperation; but I know ſome that need it more than my ſelf. *Savage.*

Sav. We'll teach you how to do it, not only in the Head, but alſo in the Tongue, Heart, and elſewhere; for all Men have not their wind in the ſame place.

Phyſician. I am ſurpriſed to hear you, I thought I had underſtood every thing, and I perceive I underſtand nothing at all.

Savage. You may expect praiſe for that ſincere confeſſion, when you have ſet that left Arm and right Leg at liberty. You conceal gulfs under theſe bands and clouts, where a vaſt number of Spirits are corrupted and loſt. In this place, all things muſt be free, and without conſtraint.

Phyſician. If theſe Fountains muſt be dry, I ſhall be inſtantly choaked and overwhelmed with humours.

Savage. What nonſenſe is this? have not you holes and Emunctories enough, without encreaſing the number of them? what muſt run in the Channel of our Rivers, that are ſo neceſſary for the commerce

commerce of Life, if you divert the rivulets? Away, away, also with these stomagers and girdles that you use for fortifying your Stomack, and cooling your Reins, and throw your self Naked into this well.

Physician. How, stark Naked.

Savage. What are 'ye affraid off? here's a great deal a-do indeed. Courage. Now that I have dipt you, and made you drink of those waters, and eat of those fruits, tell me how you find your self? I am much mistaken, if you talk not in another strain.

Physician. Ha! where am I? I am overjoyed, my Heart's as light as a Feather; but what do I see? my old skin fall off, my wrinkles are gone, and my flesh is as plump and smooth as that of a young Child; my grey hairs fall off and black come in their place: What Vigour! what Strength! O, how glad and pleased I am. I always thought that the fountain of youth was but a Chimæra, nevertheless I have found it, who could have believed it? but now who can doubt

doubt of it, when they ſee me ſo freſh and young?

Savage. Beſides, all theſe wonderful advantages, have not coſt one drop of Blood, nor any thing that looks like *Phyſick.*

Phyſician. On the contrary, I have taken nothing that hath not ſeemed to me more delightful than Healthfull.

Savage. Seeing you are perſwaded of the truth of theſe things, where can you better erect a Trophie of your ſpoils, than upon this Mountain, from whence the whole World may be ſeen? for that end make uſe of that lovely Tree, which is as an umbrello to thoſe healing waters, that ſhading us on all ſides, makes us enjoy the pleaſure of that agreeable verdure which crowns the Banks.

Phyſician. With all my heart. For I make no doubt but that of all places where *Nature* delights herſelf, this is the chief becauſe of the variety of wonders that occur here. The Plants do not only croud together, to rob us of the ſight of the

the Earth; but by ſending out flowers ſtrive to outvie one another in the Glory of pleaſing the eyes, and perfuming the Air. What charming conſorts do the gentle breezes and little Birds which ſport in the Buſhes make? I am tranſported with joy, raviſhed with delight, and nothing can match my felicity.

Savage. The more you expreſs your extaſie, the more do I joyn with you in admiration of the virtue of our waters, and the excellence of our Fruits. I am hopefull alſo that you ſhall not reſt there, and I foreſee that after this firſt tranſport, which you could not hinder, you ſhall obtain what you have ſo long wiſhed for.

Phyſician. There my Trophy is hung up; will this way I have placed them in do? and d'ye approve of theſe few words which I have put upon the Branch that carries them.

THE

THE TROPHIES OF VANITY, DEDICATED TO THE SOUL of the WORLD.

Savage. Of Vanity, that's not enough; for ſeeing you told me at your firſt coming, that you were one of the Colledge of *Phyſicians* that muſt be put into the Inſcription in *Greek* and *Latin*; for it's ſaid, that your excellency conſiſts only in that.

Phy. Will you now put me to deſpair, after you have given much cauſe to

to boast of your civility. Vanity and the Faculty or Colledge, is here but one and the same thing: And then to what end *Greek* and *Latin*, if no body in this Countrey understand them?

Nature. Make no alteration in the Inscription; I am satisfied with it.

Physician. Who is this I hear?

Nature. Thou heareſt her whom thou calleſt *The Soul of the World*, who touched at thy Confeſſion, am reſolved to anſwer thy demands: Speak only in a few words, without Ceremony or preamble.

Phyſician. What's the reaſon, that of late Men have ſo little regard to Life, that they'll make no more uſe of *Phyſicians*.

Nature. Becauſe Men love to live, and *Phyſicians* kill them.

Phyſician. I am very well ſatisfied that a Man of Senſe, who hath ſtudied his conſtitution, may during the whole courſe of his Life be without *Phyſicians*; for

for if one turn but in the leaſt in the little Circle of our ways of acting, it is eaſie to obſerve, that the revolutions are always the ſame.

Nature. If Life conſiſted only in making ſeveral turns in one and the ſame Circle, it would happen that inſtead of turning Children, Men would turn young again: Life is not what you take it to be. When I light a Lamp, I fill it with Oyl, and leave the conduct of it to Reaſon, which preſerves it from the accidents to which it is obnoxious: Nay I ſuffer her to diſpoſe of her match as ſhe thinks fit; and thence it is, that they who double it, conſume it ſooner, than they who divide it into ſmall threads.

Phyſician. We ſay the ſame alſo, that Men cannot husband too well the radical moiſture you ſpeak of, as of an Oyl or Balſam, and therefore I think that in all thinks we agree with you.

Nature And for my part, I think by your diſcourſe, that we agree in nothing at all. Give him the other prick with a Pin, to let out the reſt of his vanity.

Physician. At least, this is common to us both, that we Cure the Patient who calls for our help.

Nature. Make a sieve of his Skull, if he still persist in these foolish presumptions. Art thou ignorant that I abhor Blood, and hast thou forgot that Physicians thirst after it, who never enter the House of a Patient but by force of Arms, Terror going before, and Death following them at the heels?

Physician. And how do you enter there?

Nature. I am there before the sick Person, who calls me, perceives it; of my self I dart a beam of hope and gladness into his Heart: And if the desire which I suggest to the Patient be not thwarted, I shew him in my train Health conducted by Patience.

Physician. Who dares to thwart you?

Nature. Such a Physician as thee, who neither understanding the Disease, nor

nor the Remedies that are proper for it; busies thy self about the Patient, in doing the Office of an ordinary Cook, ordering Broaths, Jellies, and Barley-water, as if thou laboured to increase the sickness, by what the sick person has the greatest aversion to.

Physician. Can one do better at first, than to use light Food, and benign Medicines, expecting the Critical days, that we may observe what course you are about to take. Afterwards, following your foot steps, we proceed to Purgatives: For it is prudent not to hasten any thing in the beginning.

Nature. When one falls, can he be too soon raised up again? Acknowledge frankly, if thou would'st be instructed by me, that it's thy Ignorance, and not the Disease, which makes thee temporize.

Physician. I confess, that in the beginning of a Distemper, we have but very confused Notions of the evil, and of the Remedies that are proper for it; so that you would do me a matchless

Enid Phipps

favour, if you would have the goodneſs to inform me in what manner Creatures act, from their Birth, to the time of their Death.

Nature. For that end, thou muſt addreſs thy ſelf to the Agent which I have in every Creature. He it is that directs it to the end which I have propoſed to it, and diſpoſes ſo abſolutely of it, that through him onely it ſubſiſts.

Phyſician. What you call Agent, is that which we call Reaſon in Man; Inſtinct in Beaſts, and Vertues in Plants.

Nature. What I call Agent, is myſelf; I animate and diſpoſe the Matter according to the intentions and Ideas that are unknown to thee. So that one Spirit moves all the different ſpecifications in the World; as the ſame Wind makes all the different Pipes of an Organ to play.

Phyſician. Till now I always thought that an Animal was nothing but a Machine of parts, all the Art of which conſiſted onely in ſome certain Springs which

which made it move, without being susceptible of pain or pleasure.

Nature. Supposing it to be so, tell me who made that Machine of parts? And who puts it in motion? For there is no effect without a cause, nor any motion without a mover. If thou answer, that it is I; who hath revealed to thee that I am made up of pointed, globular, and chamfered Particles? And who hath given thee the power to measure me by Circles and Squares, as if I were a property of Mathematicks? I, who inform all that is contained in the Elements.

Physician. Instruct me then, how I am to speak, that I may not displease you; for I will exactly perform all that lies in me, that I may come to the knowledge of you.

Nature. If thou studiest me, thou shalt know me as much as man is capable of, and as is needful for him. But never expect to attain to it, so long as thou seest not by the Eyes of the Mind, what the Elements contain; for the Elements which thou seest are, to speak properly,

but the bark of the Elements, which I uſe in the Compoſition of Creatures. Haſt thou never obſerved, that ſo ſoon as a Creature is dead, if the Fire be ſuffered to ſend back the parts whereof it was compoſed, unto their ſeveral places, there will remain no more but a few aſhes, all the reſt, eſcaping thy ſight, enter again into the boſom of the Elements from whence I took them.

Phyſician. The Notion that I have of the Elements, is, that they are in continual War one with another, whether they act of themſelves, or by means of that univerſal Spirit you ſpeak of, which inſpires the ſame diſſention into all Creatures.

Nature. That Spirit is ſo great an Enemy of Diſorder and Deſtruction, that ſo ſoon as ever it is united to a new Creature, it conceives ſo violent a love for it, that it applyes it ſelf ſolely to the conducting of that Creature to the end, which I have propoſed to it. And though for the perfecting, preſerving, and defending the ſame, it muſt uſe a great many different means, nay, even wiles,

and

nd new ſtratagems, yet it omits nothing hat is to be done in p rforming what is reſcribed to it, becauſe nothing can di- ert it from its Duty. But ſeeing ſelf- ove might render the Creature ſo wil , s to become independent on Socie ty. I mpoſe a neceſſity upon it of having need of another to perpetuate it ſelf.

Phyſician. I cannot comprehend how one Spirit can at the ſame time act in ſo many different and contrary manners; and a little conceive what mat er that is, which eſcapes our ſight, and whereof you make uſe, in the Compoſition of all Creatures.

Nature. For under ſtanding of both, conſid er thoſe Vapours that riſe o t of the Sea, admire the b auty of the Clouds which they compoſe, w ich having lo g hovered in the Air, and been driv n to and fro as the Wind liſts, that they may be the better penetrated and impregnated by the beams of the Sun; be ng, at length, unable to bear any long r the w ight of the rich ſpoils wherew th y are loaded, you ſee how they f ll upon the thirſty Earth in gentle ſhowers, which

in gratitude for that kindneſs, ſends forth a perfume more delightful than the odour of Flowers. Scarcely have theſe ſo much wiſhed-for ſhowers refreſhed the Fields and Gardens, but they produce almoſt as many different effects, as the Clouds contained drops of Water. In the mean time, theſe drops of Water meeting together, gather themſelves into a body, return to the Sea, and laying aſide their mud, recover their ſaltneſs again. If then by means of the groſſeſt parts of the Elements, I can produce ſo many wonders, judge what that Spirit muſt be, that animates and keeps them in motion.

Phyſician. I fancy that theſe ſhowers and dews onely refreſh and moiſten the Earth, without contributing any thing elſe to the productions you ſpeak of.

Nature. That's becauſe your mind reaches no farther than your ſight. Conſider that the Virtues of the Sun-beams, though they be conveyed under ground by the Rains, yet loſe not the diſpoſition they have of returning to the place from whence they came. As theſe Waters then

then are filtrated in passing through the Earth, so those Spirits disengage themselves, and are detached. Now, if in mounting upwards again, they meet with any Seed, or young Root, they cleave to it, as a ready way to facilitate their ascent to the Region of the Air. But their motions and agitations in these Seeds and Roots, instead of opening their Prisons, lengthen onely their Chains, and serve to make the different extensions and growth of Plants, Trees, and, in a word, of all Creatures.

Physician. I admire what you say, though I do not fully understand it.

Nature. Wonder not at that, the Body of Man is not a Vessel solid enough to confine a mind capable of knowledge. Thou canst onely receive a slight tincture of it, because Men are filled onely with Opinions.

Physician. But is there no Knowledge mingled with Opinions?

Nature. If mens Opinions contain any Knowledge, that Knowledge is like *Milky*

with the wisp in a dark Night, whose light is more apt to make Travellers lose their way, than to set those right who have gone astray: Whereas the Knowledge I speak of is like the Sun-beams, which burn every thing they touch, if they be in the least contracted.

Physician. Our Opinions however are founded on Reason that springs from our Understanding.

Nature. If Man had Understanding, Reason would be of no use to him. Man is blind, and makes use of the Art of Reasoning as of a staff to grope the way with. Hence it is that he does but nibble and feel so long as he lives, without being assured of any thing.

Physician. What judgment is then to be made of all those great Men, who have left us Books full of so profound knowledge, that no new thing can be discovered in the Theory or Practice of our Profession, which may not be found in these Works, provided one do but dive into them.

Nature.

Nature. The Learning of the Doctors which thou esteemest so much, is but as Perspective in Painting; the nearer we approach the Picture, the more we are undeceived; let us touch it, and there is nothing of those great distances that reached out of sight. Would you wholly break the Charm, scratch but the Cloath, and thou shalt find by discovering the thread, that that which thou takest for a depth, has not so much as an appearance of it.

Physician. But to return to our Knowledge; could you not so temper the beams of it, that I might feel some sweet influence of the same?

Nature. That is not to be done in the sense you imagine, which is to know a thing by it self.

Physician. What can you then do for me?

Nature. To inform thee that I have enclosed in every kind of Creature a simple Reason, or Art of Living, which stands

ſtands it inſtead of a Knowledge how to ſubſiſt. Now I have diverſified that Talent in ſuch a manner, that not one way of living is like another; nay, even ſo far, that the ſame way of living, in one and the ſame kind of Creature, hath its different practiſes, according to Countreys, Seaſons, and Chances that happen. Nevertheleſs, all theſe ways of living proceed from the ſame ſource, and center there again.

Phyſician. I have always been told, that Nature was ſimple, and without Art.

Nature. I am not without Art, but without Artifice: For I call the *Art or way of Living*, that Natural Light which I give to every Creature to be governed and conducted by whileſt it remains in being.

Phyſician. That's to ſay, that you diſtribute more or leſs of that Light to every kind of Creature, according to the inclination that you have for it; and that the irregularity which is obſerved in them proceeds from that.

Nature.

Nature. I love all my Productions alike, and the Virtues and Wonders which they contain within, and exert without, though they be different and oppoſite, yet yield to one another in nothing. For inſtance, is there any thing more precious and leſs corruptible than Gold? Nevertheleſs the great need that Men have of Iron, makes this as uſeful to them as the other. Is there any thing upon Earth endowed with more incomprehenſible Virtues than the Loadſtone? And yet the ſmalleſt Seed that ſprings, grows, and returns again to Seed, is a ſubject more worthy of Admiration. For I would have thee know, that the Plants thou treadeſt upon, are ſo many precious Boxes, variouſly painted and figured, which contain as many different Treaſures.

Phyſician. What! make you no difference betwixt an Inſect that is produced of corrupt matter, and a Perfect Animal, the Fruit of Generation?

Nature. Thou talkeſt of Corruption, and knoweſt not what it is. All are produced

duced after the same manner; and in that, one Creature has nothing to boast of more than another. As to Insects, which thou slightest without Reason, my Art of Living appears in them better concerted and followed, than in Creatures of a bigger Volumn. For all Creatures, which cannot without the assistance of their fellows, provide for their necessities and security, unite together, labour in Society, and live in Common; and that's the reason why a Company of Bees or Ants, nay, and of Beavers or Badgers, effect things of greater Admiration, than all that can be done by a Stag or Wild Boar, a Tyger or a Lion, which lead a lazy and solitary Life in the obscurity of Dens and Woods; without building Palaces divided into several Apartments, without providing those Victuals which are the delights of an innocent Life; and in fine, without employing the stratagems that the greatest Generals practice for the Defence of their Countrey. Thus a single spark is nothing, but when many joyn together, they make a flame.

Physician. You conclude then, that the Reason of Man is but a bare Art of Living;

Living, juſt ſo as Beaſts have theirs.

Nature. I thought I had made thee ſufficiently to underſtand by what I have ſaid, that in all this Diſcourſe I onely ſpeak of the Animal part of Man, for that's the onely thing here in Queſtion. Thou knoweſt by thine own Experience, that in thee I diſcharge the functions of the Body, and never perform them better, than when thou medleſt leaſt in them. So every Man that's wiſe truſts me with all the little Offices of the Organs. Seeing he cannot comprehend the ſtructure and perfect Harmony of the Body, he thinks it enough to give Praiſes to him who hath made him the Keeper of ſo precious a Maſter-piece. But ſince that is not the preciſe point in hand, let us return to the Arts of Living, wherewith I gratifie living Creatures.

Phyſician. Well then, tell me, I pray, what is the end you propoſe to your ſelf in all theſe different Arts?

Nature. The conſervation and propagation of Kinds. I ſtamp that Impreſſion upon all that hath Life, and even upon things

things which to thee ſeem deſtitute of ſentiment. But I inform them in different manners, and by ways that thou knoweſt but little.

Phyſician. Either that impreſſion wears out, or you are not obeyed; becauſe your Creatures deſtroy one another, and ſeem to acknowledge no Law, but that of the ſtronger.

Nature. I have already told thee, that that which thou calleſt deſtruction, is but the execution of the different ways of Living amongſt Creatures: For there is not one of them which for preſervation of its Life, does not ſtand in need of a peculiar Food; now, when it finds it, it takes it, even to that degree, that in caſe of need, it devours Creatures of its own kind, and in an urgent neceſſity, feeds on part of it ſelf.

Phyſician. To prevent ſuch cruel extremities, could you not make your Creatures ſubſiſt on Air, Water, and Earth, without being obliged to deſtroy your Maſter-pieces, for Life's ſake?

Nature.

Nature. I do ſo, in regard of ſome Animals, which live meerly on what they draw from the Water and Air; but ſeeing others want more ſolid Nouriſhment than reſpiration, I diverſifie the Food I prepare for them a hundred, and a hundred ways; yet ſtill with that care, that the more of this Food is conſumed, the more it increaſes and multiplies. Now, I allow not Plants, Inſects, and defenceleſs Animals the Priviledge of a ſpeedy growth, and exceſſive multiplication, but on condition they ſhould imitate Fountains, Brooks, and Rivers, which ſo ſoon as they come out of the Earth, run all over the World, to quench the thirſty; according to theſe Orders, Aliments thus ſpecified preſent themſelves to the Creature that needs them, to the end, that by eating of them, it may add to its Lamp the ſparks of Life, contained in thoſe little Productions.

Phyſician. Man may juſtly then kill other Creatures for Food.

Nature. If it were injuſtice to eat living Creatures, it would be no leſs to

feed

feed on the Seeds of Plants, Fruit of Trees, and Eggs of Fowls. Man may then, without ſcruple, make uſe of the Productions of the Earth and Water. That's to ſay, of Wild Beaſts, and Fiſh: For as to thoſe which thou breedeſt at home, and honoureſt with thy Protection, be ſatisfied that they repay with Intereſt the care and food thou beſtoweſt upon them, ſeeing they ſtrip themſelves to enrich thee with their Feathers and Fleeces, and that they feed thee with their Eggs, and quench thy thirſt with their Milk. Not to mention the pain they ſuffer in labouring thy Land, and in carrying from one place to another the fruits of their labour: Not to mention neither the Pleaſure they afford thee when they are Young; the eagerneſs wherewith they accompany thee to Game, and in all places, and their faithfulneſs towards thee even to their Death.

Phyſician. Seeing you have ſaid, that part of the Creature onely nouriſhes that other that feeds on it, what becomes of the reſt? Is it loſt?

Nature

Nature. There is nothing loſt of that which is contained in a Veſſel that has no opening; though their parts change their place, their colour, and figure, yet they are not annihilated. Soaped water blown upon with a gentle breath, produces an infinite number of bubbles, which ſucceſſively deſtroy one another. In the mean time, nothing is loſt nor diminiſhed; what breaks off from the reſt of the matter falls back into it again; and as it is the ſame Air that moves theſe bubbles within, and environs them without; ſo the Spirit that animates Creatures, and that which is got looſe from the ſhackles of Specification, is but one and the ſame Spirit.

Phyſician. Suppoſe nothing of matter is loſt, yet theſe various changes ought to alter it.

Nature. If a piece of Earth or Clay may an innumerable many times come under the hands of the Potter, and come out again always in a new ſhape and figure; by ſtronger reaſon the maſs of the Elements is capable of all theſe tranſmutations

tations without being altered. For my part, I ſport and play in theſe viciſſitudes.

Phyſician. I believe ſo; but what's the reaſon that we ſee the Potter prepare the Earth, and that we perceive not what you are a doing, till your work be pretty far advanced?

Nature. The Reaſon is, becauſe the Artificer is without his Work, and I am within mine. Nor can he imitate more than the outſide of the egg, to me onely it belongs, who am within, to form and animate the Chicken.

Phyſician. Might not we ſee the diſpoſition of things at that time when you intend to ſpecificate matter?

Nature. Yes, by the Eyes of the Mind, but not of the Body, becauſe I begin my work in an unperceptible point; and from thence, as from a center, I trace to my ſelf a Circumference proportionate to that center, which I fill as I ought, under the cover of a Veil; for no man ever ſaw me openly at work, inſomuch,

ſomuch, that my work is more than half done, when it begins to fall under thy Senſes.

Phyſician. What's the reaſon of that?

Nature. Why, becauſe the matter I make uſe of from firſt to laſt in the compoſition of a mixt Body, cannot be perceived by bodily Eyes, though it be cloathed with the Elements. Now, that matter is no where to be found in greater abundance, nor more within my reach, than in the Air: And therefore, it is the Store-houſe of that precious Treaſure. Out of that vaſt Reſervatory then, which is above thy Head, and without the reach of thy Senſes, do I form the multitude of the Water-works which embelliſh the Graſs-plot of the World, and which riſe higher or lower, according as they draw their Influence from on High. For thou muſt know, that Life is but a gentle dropping of Living Waters, of which the Stars are as the ſources, and which falling from Heaven upon Earth, ſpurt out in all places upon this Theater of the Univerſe.

Phyſician.

Physician. I admire you, and am lost in the maze of thoughts which your Oracles suggest to me.

Nature. Do'st thou begin to comprehend any thing of this?

Physician. I cannot tell. But thus much I'le say, if you'll give me leave, that at present I look upon you as an immense Spirit, to which the Elements which our Senses perceive not, are instead of a Body; that all Creatures are its animated Organs, and that it is onely by their Actions that we discover you.

Nature. Thou conceivest then how I animate the Organs.

Physician. Not fully, but making a judgment of you by these Actions of the Organs, I fancy that your Body Corporifies your Spirit, and that your Spirit spiritualizes your Body: However it be, I am ravished to see with what dexterity you open the hardest stone of a Fruit, from whence, as from a point, you bring forth a Creature of a vast bulk and prodigious

digious weight, the Earth, in the mean time, which bears that Date-tree, or Oak, neither diminiſhing nor ſinking under the burden. And, which is ſtill to me more incomprehenſible, with admirable skill you bring back and reduce the Eſſential parts of that production into as ſmall a point as that from whence it ſprung; with this aſtoniſhing Circumſtance, that it was ſingle when firſt it grew, and that during whole Ages, it yearly produces innumerable numbers of Vegetables like it ſelf.

Nature. Could'ſt thou but penetrate into the ſecrets of that point, there thou would'ſt find in Abridgment thine Oak and Date-tree, with all their proportions. But I onely wiſh you were ſo ſharp-ſighted, as to diſcern the texture of the parts of Inſects, that thou mighteſt judge of their true harmony when they are in motion. If thou could'ſt enter into that profound ſcrutiny, thou would'ſt confeſs that the meaneſt Particles of which thou art compoſed, cannot be more diſtant from what thou art at preſent, than thou in the ſtate thou'rt in, art from that vaſt ſpace contained within the Firmament.

Phyſician.

Phyſician. I know enough, to make me adore the Hand, which in ſo ſmall a compaſs, hath ſo skilfully fitted all things neceſſary for ſuch ſtrange performances, that Inſects, almoſt imperceptible, can trace themſelves ways in a hard skin; that others can skip and jump in the Air a thouſand times higher than themſelves are in bigneſs. And that there are ſome, who in the Night-time ſound a Charge, and fall cruelly upon Lions and the ſtouteſt of Animals; inſomuch, that I am convinced that you deſerve greater Admiration in your leſs Productions, than in your greater.

Nature. You ſay too much.

Phyſician. Alas! what would not I ſay of your inexhauſtible fecundity and vaſt reach of fore-caſt, if by letting me ſee you openly, you had taught me to praiſe you as you deſerve. All that remains to me to be done, is to cry out in extaſie, *O the power and wiſdom of that Spirit*! which can diſpoſe and ſhape ſo many different Bodies in the manner they ought to be, for the execution of ſo various and oppoſite ends and deſires.

Nature.

Nature. These are praises which do'nt belong to me; the power which I exert is nothing in comparison of the Omnipotence of him who hath trusted me with it. If I dispose the Elements, it's by Orders from him. His Power is equal to his Will. Does he will a thing? It is. Does he call that which never was? It is present, and subsists so long as he pleases. No sooner did he say, let the World be, but the World started out of nothing. So also when he speaks, the Heavens hear, the Earth hearkens, the Winds stop their breath, the Sea smooths the swelling of its Waves, the Mountains shake to the very Foundation, and fear seizeth all living Creatures. I my self pressed in Duty, wait but the word of Command for Execution of his Orders: For it is with me, in respect of him, as with Lightning, which, though it seems to go before, yet indeed comes after the Thunder-clap.

Physician. What! is there a Deity superiour to thine? Tell me, I pray you, where it is, what it does, and what it says.

Nature. Do'ſt not thou underſtand what the different Revolutions of the Stars, wherewith the Heavens are adorned, ſpeak of the Author of the Univerſe? See'ſt thou not how the Earth teſtifies its gratitude to him by the return of Seaſons crowned with Flowers and Fruit? Does not the Majeſty of the Sea imprint upon thee a reſpect towards him? What do'ſt thou think of the Regular Motions of the vaſt Ocean? What ſay'ſt thou of all the Creatures, which thoſe great Bodies either ſuſtain or contain? Art thou deaf to all thoſe Divine Languages?

Phyſician. No. I begin to diſtinguiſh what till now I always confounded. I am ſo Illuminated with this new Light, and ſo tranſported by theſe great truths, that now I am convinced that the mind of Man is not capable of Knowledge. I cannot hear nor retain any more, for now I am ſatisfied and contented.

Nature. That's not enough. That I may fully Cure thee of thine Error, I will have thee preciſely to know the

difference betwixt the Soveraign Being and Nature. The Almighty Creates, and Nature produces. I animate Creatures, but it is he that gives the ſtock of Life, that takes it away, and reſtores it. And as Art ſtrives to imitate Nature, ſo does Nature labour to attain to the perfection of the Creator. But it is in vain for me to torment my ſelf, becauſe I depend on Principles: All that I can do then, is to put the Creatures in motion, and ſo to govern them, that, if it be poſſible, before they have finiſhed their courſe, they may be in a condition of leaving others after them that may trace the ſame footſteps. But ſeeing theſe courſes are unequal, hence it is, that it is to be obſerved in me, that at the ſame time, and in the ſame place ſome Creatures are born, and ſome die; that ſome corrupt, and others tend to perfection; to which, as I have juſt now ſaid, they cannot attain; for my Power is no leſs ſtinted in the end than in the beginning of all my works.

Phyſician. Now am I ſo well inſtructed, that I perfectly conceive that it is with you as with the Sun, who in all

the moments of his Courſe, riſes and ſets ſomewhere; ſo that your continual motion, as well as his, is a certain proof of your dependance and ſubordination.

Nature. Thou haſt hitherto ſaid nothing better, though the compariſon of the Sun quadrate not exactly in all reſpects: For to ſpeak properly, that Luminary never riſes nor ſets. He is a Fountain of Life, whom all the Planets, who ſtand in need of his fire, ſtrive to wait on, that they may rejoyce in his Light; nor do they abſent themſelves, but with regrate from him.

Phyſician. Theſe things are a little too high for me: Have the goodneſs onely to tell me, if the defects that are to be ſeen in Creatures, be an effect of the limits that are ſet to your Power.

Nature. The faults which thou obſerveſt in Creatures, is never occaſioned by me. The Order on my part is good, but the Matter cannot always anſwer what I demand from it. Nevertheleſs, however a Creature appear to thee in its imperfection, yet it ſtill contains more

more wonders than thou art capable of comprehending so long as thou livest.

Physician. Alas! our life is so short, that it is hardly sufficient to give us a glance of you; however, I heartily consecrate to you the little remaining time I have to live, if you will but condescend to tell me, how I ought to employ it.

Nature. As to thine Animal part, imitate the Animals, who learn by observing what others do, and never transgress the bounds set to their kind.

Physician. Do the Animals any thing worthy of Observation, or of the imitation of a rational Man?

Nature. On the contrary, they do nothing but what deserves your best attention; study their fore cast, and the pains they take to gather and preserve their Provisions. Admire their skill in making their Nests, and placing them securely; the circumspection they use, and hazards they run to save their young ones; how neatly the Dam brings them

up; how dextrous she is in finding them Food, in preparing and dividing it amongst them. In fine, observe the kindness that Animals have for those who do them good; the satisfaction they take of those who injure them; their Courage, Generosity, and above all, their Constancy in one kind of Life, and thou'lt find in their conduct enough to rectifie thine own.

Physician. For one Animal that does any thing regularly in appearance, or by chance, there are a thousand that live disorderly.

Nature. No, I tell thee: Most part of Animals when they have eaten, if they be Young and at liberty, they play; if they be Old or weary, they take their Rest, and of Actors turn Spectators. When Hunger seizeth them again, they seek out how to satisfie it; and the Exercise they perform for procuring their Food, seasons and makes it better for them. In fine, they lead a quiet and peaceable Life, and have no Quarrels one with another, unless sometimes during the heat of their Amours.

Physician.

Physician. Is it not so with Man, who is never more tractable, than when he is most Amorous?

Nature. Give me not Man for an instance; he is, of all Creatures, in all things the most irregular, and especially in his Amours, in which he burns and consumes like the Phœnix, hoping to spring up again anew from his Ashes: Or otherways he is a Boulter, which being continually tossed and shaken, retains nothing but the Bran.

Physician. I perceive you would conclude, that we ought to imitate Animals in their Duties, their Plays, and above all, in their Moderation, and Uniformity of Life.

Nature. It is true. But I would that thy Reason, which is above the Elements, should act with that pre-eminence and excellence which is suitable to so exalted a condition as thine is, that surpasses all things visible in the Universe.

Physician. I know very well, that what you have told me of the Body, is addreſſed to Reaſon; but what Road ſhall I follow to come to the knowledge of the Virtues which the Elements contain, and of the manner how you inform them? For what you told me of it by the by, makes deep impreſſion upon me.

Nature. To know how the Elements act, truſt us with the Treaſure of your Granaries, and obſerve the ſteps that we ſhall take, to render thee the hundred fold of it better and more lovely: If thou would'ſt ſee that Operation under other ſhapes, by your care and labours invite us into thy Vineyards and Gardens, and we will there entertain thee with Delights and Plenty, whence thou may'ſt draw found conſequences for the moſt deſperate Evils.

Physician. Since you are willing to make me participant of your Riches, I heartily renounce all the Treaſures of the World.

Nature. Thou ſhalt not be the poorer for that. I have furniſhed all the Countries of the Earth with what is convenient for thoſe that Inhabit them and love me. I give them the free enjoyment of every thing, which is all that I can do for Man, becauſe he can poſſeſs nothing in proper. Farewel, make good uſe of the Acquaintance of that Savage; ſtudy his Conduct, and practice what he doth; that's the way to live long, and enjoy Health, without being burthenſome to ones ſelf or to others. In fine, be perſuaded that the way he takes, is that which I moſt approve. Adieu.

Phyſician. What! muſt I hear you no more?

Savage. How doth that agree with what you ſaid not long ago, that you could not hear nor retain any more. Since that, have not you been told enough? You ought to be content.

Phyſician. No, I am not. Confirm by one word, I beſeech you, what now you have inſpired into me. One word,

I pray, after that, my desires and fears shall be at an end.

Nature. Though thou should'st have no cause to be afraid of others, yet distrust thy self; and that you may be above the reach of the injustice of Men, renounce thine own Will and Interest, lead an innocent and quiet Life, pity the Evils of others, without exaggerating thine own. In fine, do good to all Men, and always speak the truth.

Physician. With all my Heart. Can any Man do better than what you suggest?

Savage. At length now you are satisfied.

Physician. No Man can be more. But I am so afraid I shall forget what I have just now heard, that I am impatient till I write it.

Savage. The onely Caution you should use, in respect of the Seeds wherewith the Soul of the World hath enriched yours, is to weed out of your Mind the bad

bad Plants that the School hath raiſed in it, that they may not choak the Simples of Nature.

Phyſician. That's not enough: The Murders I have committed, and the precious Talents wherewith I am now entruſted, require that I ſhould go and offer my Head to thoſe whoſe Relations and Friends I have killed, that by Diſcourſe and Example I may perſwade them to ſubmit to the Laws of Nature: For I ſhall never die ſatisfied, until I have made my gratitude to her appear, by the pains that I will take in reclaiming Men from Surfeiting and Drunkenneſs, and in Curing them of the Evil of Phyſicians, and of the Errors of Medicine.

FINIS.

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